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# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1905.

## The Week.

Nominally a friendly talk on Far Eastern matters, the President's interview with Count Cassini on Friday must be regarded as a tentative proffer of good offices. Unless Mr. Roosevelt stood ready to take the more decisive step, the meeting would have been merely a superfluous expression of sympathy. Whether or not this initiative is welcomed at St. Petersburg, it is a notable hint of the sentiment of civilization against the continuance of the present carnage. President Roosevelt has this qualification for a negotiator, his Government has throughout taken a disinterested attitude in the Far East. Moreover, he would, as few other chiefs of state, command the confidence and good will of China—an all-important matter, for the treaty of peace will undoubtedly involve the readjustment of the Chinese boundary. The President's overture is, further, timely because rather few satisfactory mediators are in sight. England and France, as allies of the belligerents, are out of the question. There is much [illegible] of the Kaiser, but his pro-Russian sympathies have been undisguised, and he is hardly *persona grata* to China. There is a strong peace movement in Italy, and the King has evident qualifications for the delicate office of go-between. Otherwise, the choice is very limited, unless, indeed, the precedent were renewed of calling upon some trusted monarch of a small Power, like the King of Denmark, or of Sweden and Norway. This survey of the possibilities will show that there is nothing officious about the President's overture, which, whether he or another plays the part of peacemaker, commands the sympathy of all lovers of peace.

---

The Administration's decision to intern the Russian cruisers at Manila marks another advance in the law of asylum for belligerents. It will be remembered that the vessels interned at neutral Asiatic ports since the beginning of the war were dismantled only after some days or weeks of waiting. Thus the gunboat *Mandjur* was not placed out of commission at Shanghai until the arrival of a Japanese warship off Woosung stirred up the Chinese officials. The indefensible cutting out of the destroyer *Ryeshitelni* at Chefoo was excused by the Japanese on the ground that China had made no effort to intern the boat. The difference between the case of the *Lena* at San Francisco and that of Rear-Admiral Enquist's vessels at Manila is that repairs to the former were due to the ordinary deterioration of active service, while the cruisers in the Philippines received their injuries at the hands of the enemy, and not through "stress of weather." This fact made necessary greater circumspection in dealing with them, since to allow them to repair for some time and then put to sea might lead to a Japanese complaint that the United States, a neutral, gave the Russians the opportunity to recover from the blows inflicted by Togo's fleet. Since the Russians were able to enter Manila at a fifteen-knot rate, and could repair the worst damage in sixty days, it is obvious that they are quite capable of taking the seas without danger of sinking. Under the circumstances, the President gave them their choice of taking on the necessary water and stores in twenty-four hours and putting to sea at the expiration of that time, or dismantling. He thus sets a precedent for the treatment of vessels disabled by gunfire which should be of permanent importance in international law.

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The report that the Chinese Government is about to annul the concession of the American-China Development Company is a prompt sequel of the battle of the Sea of Japan. It affords, in some fashion, an interesting parallel to the asphalt dispute in Venezuela. The concessionnaires in China are to have the choice flatly of accepting an indemnity or submitting to the revocation of their charter without compensation of any kind. When this report is confirmed, it will be interesting to observe the attitude of our State Department. Has it a consistent principle in dealing with commercial controversies with weak nations, or is its vigilance directed exclusively to the Caribbean? As a matter of fact, the proposed extinction of the Chinese concessions may be said to be based on a rude theory of condemnation by eminent domain. But is a weak nation justified in asserting any such right in the case of property of citizens of a strong nation? This is one of the questions that must arise if China renews her anti-foreign policy. Meantime, it will be regrettable if she fails to discriminate between commercial privileges which mask schemes of conquest, and those which have no ulterior political aim. To this latter category belongs unquestionably the American company whose chief purpose has been the construction of the Canton-Hankow Railroad.

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After all is said and done, what is the use of calling Congress in special session only three weeks before the regular session begins? Now that the President has decided to postpone this extra session from October 16 to November 13, he might almost as well yield to the "stand-patters'" further demands and give it up altogether. He would not, in fact, get even three weeks' work out of a sulky Congress, for, warned by the experience of two years ago—which their constituents, too, by the way, are remembering—they will not jeopard the payment of their mileage by letting the two sessions merge. This is the year of the long session, and three weeks can be added at the other end without serious inconvenience to anybody. But, in very truth, the stand-patters have devised a series of reasons which make it logically impossible ever to touch the tariff. In the fall of 1903 they said: "Not this session—the national election is coming; but, when that is over, we will see what needs to be done." In the fall of 1904 it was: "Not this session—there isn't time; but at the next session, with our 114 majority, we will get around to it." Already, however, we begin to hear the Congressional elections of 1906 urged as a reason for delay. These same arguments can be alternated from now till doomsday; and, with high-tariff politicians talking rate regulation and friends of the railroads talking tariff reform, the chances of getting results before then look decidedly small.

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All-round congratulations would seem to be in order over the reported acceptance by Secretary Morton of the presidency of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. That corporation, no less than its patron, is assured of a capable and experienced executive officer. Mr. Roosevelt is relieved of the embarrassment of attacking the wicked railroad men when one of the chief of sinners is a member of his own official family. Mr. Morton is spared any sense of humiliation in stepping from the Cabinet into another responsible position. Not the least part of his good luck seems to be that he has taken hostages of fortune this time by obtaining assurance of an official tenure which cannot be terminated by the unexpected turns of politics or the shifting currents of popular opinion. Most fortunate of all is it that Mr. Morton, with his great experience in railroading, is called to administer a road which enjoys, perhaps, the unique advantage of being unable to accord rebates even if it would.

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President Roosevelt's selection of Charles J. Bonaparte to succeed Mr. Morton as Secretary of the Navy will strengthen the Cabinet in its advisory capacity. Unlike some of the present

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departmental heads, Mr. Bonaparte has had a wide experience in public affairs, and he will be able to judge of foreign happenings with some understanding of the European point of view. By birth and training, he is committed to the gentleman's method of dealing with other nations. But Mr. Bonaparte is, of course, Imperialistic in his tendencies, and would hardly have been chosen for his position were not he, like Mr. Roosevelt, convinced that every happening on earth and on the sea has but one moral—the necessity for more battleships. The new Secretary has rendered services of immeasurable value to the cause of civil-service reform and the movement for decent municipal government—a fine record marred by his error of judgment in persuading the President to grant money to Catholic schools on Indian reservations, in violation of the spirit of the Federal statute on this subject. So far as personal devotion to his new chief is concerned, no one will surpass Mr. Bonaparte. He has been warmly attached to him ever since Mr. Roosevelt took office as Civil Service Commissioner—if not earlier. All in all, the waning prestige of the Cabinet is considerably restored by this Baltimorean appointment.

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President Castro, in his message to Congress, comments upon the intervention of the United States in the asphalt dispute in the following dignified terms:

> "With the United States, through causes foreign to our will and without the least responsibility on our part, we have had a slight difference, but the discussion of the questions seems to have made the facts clear to the American Government, judging from the measures the said Government lately passed in favor of our good and cordial friendship. These questions refer to the Bermudez and Orinoco companies. The latter have already been adjudged under the protocols, but nevertheless Mr. Bowen desired a new arbitration. *The Government could not accede to this, as the sovereignty and independence of the republic were involved.*"

The political aspects of the case could not be put in language more conclusive and conciliatory. President Castro simply stands upon the right of the Venezuelan courts to pass upon all cases involving the status of foreign concessionnaires on Venezuelan soil. In this contention the law of nations absolutely bears him out. Extra-territorial courts have frequently been imposed upon weak nations in cases concerning the persons of foreign residents, but that jurisdiction has never been stretched to cover routine civil cases. When the courts of a weak nation are corrupt, as, without evidence of any kind, those of Venezuela are alleged to be, a nation representing abused creditors must either put up with the injustice, or, if the occasion warrants, take forcible measures for recovery. Now, nobody for a moment believes that the Bermudez concession is either clear enough in law or equity or important enough intrinsically to justify the hazard of a new "pacific blockade." Business speculators in a disorderly country like Venezuela take their chances, and we see no course for Mr. Roosevelt but to give to the Venezuelan courts the credence which President Castro claims for them, or else ask Congress to declare war.

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Bowen and Loomis have evidently exhausted their usefulness in the State Department and should go. It appears that Minister Bowen, finding in the Legation at Caracas papers of a nature compromising to Mr. Loomis, gave the substance of them to a newspaper correspondent. For this indiscretion he should be dismissed, even if the charges against Mr. Loomis should be proved. As for Loomis, it is enough and too much to know that he banked with the Bermudez Asphalt Company, whose affairs were under litigation in the Venezuelan courts, and vaguely under the protection of the State Department. It appears, also, that he advanced money on the security of claims against the Venezuelan Government, and actually made a proposal for the commutation and partial payment of this torpedo-boat scrip through the Secretary of Legation. The transaction, as Mr. Loomis explains it, seems to have been honest, but it reveals abysmal depths of indelicacy, and an incapacity to live up to the dignity of a ministerial position that should forever disqualify Mr. Loomis from holding any diplomatic post. Luckily, we hear no more of "forcing Venezuela to do justice"; and, indeed, it was time to go slow in negotiations conducted by two gentlemen in whom the sense of the fitting seems almost equally to be in abeyance.

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The opening of the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland serves to remind the world how rapidly, in these days of steam and electricity, man can subdue nature and transform a wilderness into a populous city. Orators at our various celebrations are fond of telling us that the swift growth of our American commonwealth since the invention of the railway finds no precedent in history. At Chicago, and again at St. Louis, the familiar tale of the winning of the Middle West has been rehearsed. The barrier of the Rockies, however, made the problem of developing the Pacific Northwest somewhat different. To reach Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, to clear the dense forests on Puget Sound and along the lower Columbia, required more capital, energy, and intelligence than to drive a prairie schooner from Ohio to Iowa. For these reasons the romantic annals of that opulent country must always have a peculiar interest to students of American character and enterprise.

The real development has come in the short space of thirty-six years since the Union Pacific was carried to its junction with the Central Pacific at Ogden in 1869. The ups and downs of railway construction in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho will some day be made the subject of an elaborate history. The struggle for control of strategic lines in the seventies and eighties, the driving of the last spike of the NorthernPacific in 1883, the competition of the Great Northern more than a decade later, the expansion of the Alaska trade—all these momentous incidents have been crowded into a mere span of time. In place of the straggling, half-cleared farms, tiny lumber camps, and saw-mills, that only yesterday were mere specks in the forest about Puget Sound and the lower Columbia, we have to-day lands under the highest cultivation, great lumbering and mining industries, large factories, substantial cities, and a commerce with the Orient that has warranted the building of the largest freight steamers afloat. The purpose of the Exposition is to draw attention to these facts and to their bearing on the political and social welfare of the United States. Many of our citizens are even now almost as ignorant of the States of Washington and Oregon as was Jefferson himself. Few have any adequate conception of the large part the Northwest is already playing in our national life, or realize how great its political influence is to be in the years to come. But by visiting Portland they may at least learn by ocular demonstration that, in the annals of all mankind, there is no more conspicuous instance of brilliant achievement in turning a savage wilderness into a glorious empire.

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When the alliance between politics and business is as intimate as it was in Philadelphia, there is a certain poetic justice in the fact that the political defeat of the Ring means financial defeat as well. That the lease which would have added enormously to the future profits of the United Gas Improvement Company, offered a magnificent opportunity for stock jobbing by the very men who expected to put the deal through, was obvious enough. But the rule worked both ways. As soon as it was made plain that the embattled citizens had won and the lease would not go through, down went the stock again, margins were wiped out, and many an officeholder who could defy brazenly the prayers of good citizens and even the contempt of his own constituents, has received the kind of punishment that he can feel when he looks over his bank-book. Every day brings fresh evidence of the overwhelming character of the machine's defeat. To suppose that it is dead or powerless would merely be to invite its recovery, but the severity of the blow which has

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fallen on the great leaders as well as the small-fry politicians is cause for righteous satisfaction.

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Gov. Douglas of Massachusetts, whose term expires this year, has formally refused to run again; Gov. Folk of Missouri, whose term expires in 1906, says he will not be a candidate; Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, who has the same time still to serve, began his career in office by recommending an increased term for his successor, with ineligibility for himself. It certainly cannot be said that the Democratic Governors who carried Republican States last fall exhibit any unseemly eagerness to hold on to their offices. Gov. Toole of Montana, who has three years more to think the matter over, is alone in saying nothing at present about his political future. There is small resemblance, to be sure, between the political conditions in Minnesota, Missouri, and Massachusetts, and the three Governors came to their decisions from very different motives, but the coincidence is none the less interesting. It is the more curious because the "minority party" is usually supposed to have very much better chances in an "off year." Thus, John Lind, in Minnesota, failed in 1896 and 1900 to be elected Governor of Minnesota, but came in with a comfortable margin in 1898; and other instances will readily come to mind. But if the only Democrats who won victories in the enemy's country last year are to retire without a second battle, this may powerfully affect the political aspect of the country by the time the next national campaign is on.

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We find in the Chicago Teachers' Federation Bulletin a denial of the current report (on which we commented a fortnight ago), that on May 21 the Federation of Labor passed a resolution approving the strikes among school children in that city, and condemning the Board of Education for suppressing them. Such a resolution was offered, it seems, but burked by the executive committee. We do not know on what grounds. The object of strikers is to bring to bear every available stress on the community to compel employers to submission. If the mob can be swelled by excited children, and anarchy be extended even to the schools, why not? We cannot forget that in the coal strike of 1903 the schools everywhere were in danger of being closed for want of fuel. This was foreseen by Mitchell and his satellites, nor did the spectacle distress them. They are, in fact, the greatest enemies and corrupters of youth the world has ever seen. They teach daily the lesson of a grievance sacred as soon as asserted, and bearing with it unlimited rights to cripple and destroy whoever and whatever opposes the demand which accompanies the statement. They teach the futility of argument, of courts, of peaceful processes; they inculcate hostility to all the powers of law and order. The young listen, catch the lineaments of passion and of ruffianism, apply the practices in their own childish sphere, and graduate to the mob before they have left the multiplication table behind.

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The annual Arbitration Conference in session at Lake Mohonk had, as Judge George Gray pointed out last week, no reason to be discouraged, in spite of the war so obstinately raging in the East. Not only has the past year witnessed the amicable settlement of the North Sea incident which so nearly involved in hostilities Russia and England, but no less than fourteen other international disputes have been adjudicated by the Hague Court, or are now pending before that tribunal. Certainly here is cause for satisfaction; the Hague machinery is working steadily. Far less will be heard of its achievements than should be the case, but with each year the grist it grinds is certain to be of greater and greater value to the people of the earth. The horrors of the present war must incline sober-minded men, not possessed by the jingo mania, more and more to the peaceful settlement of quarrels. According to Japanese estimates, fully 7,000 Russians have been blown to pieces, have been scalded to death in engine-rooms, or slowly drowned and suffocated in water-tight compartments. Shocking as death on the battlefield often is, it is even worse when men fight at sea under modern conditions, and this Russian slaughter ought to make all people ask themselves whether there is the slightest reason for such horrors 1900 years after Christ.

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For the moment the Kaiser has scored notably in Morocco. As a result of the special mission to Fez, the Sultan has declined to accept the French proposals for reform in his régime, and desires to call an international conference on the matter. This is to treat the Anglo-French agreement as of no effect. Precisely this plan of an international conference has been advocated by Germany from the first. Some weeks ago our State Department was asked to initiate negotiations for an international guarantee of the open door in Morocco. Failing to obtain the adherence of a disinterested Power to the project, the Kaiser has persuaded the Sultan to repudiate the tutelage of France and England and appeal to the European concert. For France the situation is an awkward one. She confronts the alternative either to take forcible steps to secure her pretensions in Morocco, or to persuade the chancelleries of the world to refuse the Sultan's invitation. Judging from the past, a display of force would bring the Sultan to terms promptly, whereas diplomatic representations would necessarily be long and doubtful. On the other hand, to show the mailed fist would discredit the theory of "peaceful penetration."

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M. Delcassé's final resignation is probably to be explained on personal grounds, although it falls in significant coincidence with the German check to his Moroccan policy. Mr. Delcassé, while an admirable Foreign Minister when given his head, has shown an undue sensitiveness to Parliamentary criticism, and it has been known that for some time past he has been an uncomfortable member of Premier Rouvier's official family. In all international relations, however, M. Delcassé has been a model of imperturbability, and never more than in the recent vexatious negotiations, which have ended with a striking but possibly barren triumph for the Kaiser. Whatever the outcome of the Moroccan affair, M. Delcassé's name is permanently associated with the *rapprochements* between France, England, and Italy. His diplomacy has fairly undermined the Triple Alliance, has diminished the European prestige of Germany, and has prepared the way for a new balance of power. Although he is going out under a cloud, his titles to remembrance and gratitude are sure.

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Professor Seurat, of the Sorbonne, who has been investigating the French islands of the Pacific, particularly the Society Islands, reports general misgovernment and moral decadence. Misappropriation of Government funds and of those contributed by benevolent donors has occurred in several instances, and poverty and shiftlessness are the rule. What is the advice of this trained observer—that the tricolor must not come down? that these unfortunate colonial adventures are providential, and 'twere impiety to desist so long as there is a franc in the French Treasury? that the opportunity of managing islands at the Antipodes must be kept open in order to put iron in the blood of pale students of the *pays Latin?* No, none of these things. He advises, instead, that, since these islands are a most expensive and undesirable possession, they be sold to some country that can make a good use of them. To have imperial possessions treated—like undesirable acquisitions on the shelves of a bibliophile—as so many items for the international auction-room, arouses moral indignation. Who knows how soon this penny-wise policy may be applied to those tarnished pearls of the Pacific, the Philippine Islands? It is a thousand pities that Professor Seurat should have committed himself on what is essentially a matter of sentiment, before he had learned of the promulgation of the "Dix doctrine" by Ambassador Reid.

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*THE LINES OF RUSSIAN REFORM.*

The political situation in Russia, which for a long time has been in a stage of ever-varying but intense interest, has been and will continue to be rendered more acute by the recent crushing naval defeat in the Far East. Whether peace is to be promptly concluded, or whether the war is to be prolonged, depends solely upon the Emperor, and his decision cannot be foretold from his character. While he is, no doubt, at heart, sincerely desirous of peace, he is likely to consider the question of national prestige for a time, at all events, and to adopt the view which was held (especially in army and navy circles) after the fall of Port Arthur and the defeat at Mukden, and is probably still held: "There is still a chance of victory. We are not yet as badly off as we were in 1812 with the enemy in Moscow, the heart of Russia; and we conquered then."

The first question which presents itself, in connection with recent happenings at home and abroad, is, Will the revolution so long and so confidently predicted by many actually take place? Certain it is that the Social-Revolutionists (the heirs of the famous Nihilist party) will endeavor to seize the opportunity to carry out their programme of overthrowing the autocracy, establishing universal suffrage, and the rest. People who depend upon the press reports as to conditions and recent agitations in various parts of Russia, will naturally expect something in the nature of the French Revolution. But private advices from competent observers declare that all these reports of internal riots and disturbances have been greatly exaggerated by both the Russian and the foreign press. It may confidently be asserted that there will be no revolution of the French pattern. The economical situation of the majority of the Russian people is not to be compared for extreme misery with the condition of the French peasants which precipitated their catastrophe. But, if not revolution, evolution is bound to come. It has begun. In the present crisis, the important party is not the Revolutionists, but the Moderate Liberals, who alone have experience in administration. It will not be out of place to attempt a speculative sketch of the character of the concessions and institutions likely to prove satisfactory to them, and presumably best for the interests of the country.

The Emperor's good faith in promising constitutional government cannot be questioned. He sometimes allows himself to be swayed by the conservatives, but he is sincerely devoted to progress and the good of his people. In the first place, universal suffrage is, for the present, impossible. The nation is not ripe for it. The peasants already have the suffrage on the basis of one vote to a household, and it is by extension and practice of this in a higher degree that the way can be paved for universal suffrage hereafter. There can, likewise, be no question of a parliamentary government in the sense understood in England and France; but one modelled on the pattern approved in Prussia, Austria, and America, where the Executive chooses his ministers or secretaries, is the only possible form. These officers, being responsible to the constitutional body and able to select suitable officials, will be competent to deal with and solve the vexed problem of the hated bureaucracy. The constitutional body sanctioned by the Emperor three weeks ago, the Zemsky Soviet (Council of the Land), will form the lower chamber, the upper chamber being the Council of the Empire, as recently described in these columns. As it is easier and more practical to adopt a ready-made pattern, with whose workings the Emperor and others are thoroughly familiar, and which has proved satisfactory, than to frame a new one, it is probable that this Zemsky Soviet will be copied from the Diet of Finland, and consist of four houses, one for each of the classes—nobles, clergy, citizens, and peasants. As this plan of separate elections for the different classes has also already been in use for forty years in all the provinces which have zemstvos, and will be introduced into those which are now to obtain zemstvos, it will seem no novelty. The practice acquired by the classes in separate elections for the Zemsky Soviet and in separate management of their affairs will gradually prepare them for general elections and universal suffrage.

What is needed for the Caucasus is a good local advisory board, and a first-class man as Viceroy. Perhaps, in the beginning, it may even be necessary and salutary to preserve a purely autocratic régime for the administration of the provinces on the eastern border, such as England has in Egypt and India, and Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina. In any case, the sovereign will retain considerably more power than is accorded to an ordinary constitutional monarch, like the King of England, for example; and this will be best for Russia.

To Poland a certain measure of autonomy, compatible with general conditions in the Empire, is likely to be restored. Happily, the Moderate Liberal party in Poland is favorable to good relations with the Empire; and this autonomy, added to the rights already restored, would go far to render the Poles loyal and contented subjects of Russia, as Count Andrássy, hung in effigy by command of the Emperor Francis Joseph after the Hungarian troubles of 1848, became, a few years later, Prime Minister of the Empire and a devoted subject. The Poles in German Poland, it is true, have constitutional rights which have not hitherto been enjoyed by the Russian Poles; but, from a national and ethnographic standpoint, the latter have more rights, as the flourishing development of the theatre, literature, and art in Russian Poland (which is utterly lacking in German Poland) proves. In Finland, matters are already in a more satisfactory condition; so much so that when the Governor-General, Prince Obolensky, recently returned to Helsingfors from St. Petersburg, he received an ovation and was showered with flowers. Finland has already got back practically all her former rights. The military question, which alone remains unsettled, is to be decided two years hence. In the meantime, she is to pay a certain amount of money in lieu of service.

The troubles connected with the universities and with students in general can be settled only by the concession of academic autonomy, such as is enjoyed in Germany, France, and elsewhere. While some restrictions have already been removed from the Jews, the complicated and important problems connected with their status must await solution by the constitutional council in action. Probably they will be discussed in that Zemsky Soviet by the representatives of all classes of the people; and a decision thus reached would not be subject to suspicion. But the first condition of any success whatever in dealing with the difficult political situation at home is political amnesty in the greatest possible measure. The greatest single cause of discontent is the (recent) treatment of political offenders on a footing with ordinary criminals.

*THE EQUITABLE LIFE SITUATION.*

A very grave situation was created by Friday's action of the Equitable Life directors. The case, as it appears to us, is simply this: A great corporation, with assets of $400,000,000 and with half a million policyholders on its list, had for two months been torn by dissensions in its management, in the course of which charges of mismanagement and illegal practices had been publicly made by several of its highest officers against each other. As was to be expected, under such circumstances, the company's business came to an absolute halt. Its out-of-town agents thronged to New York, and in open convention asked for the resignation of one of these officers. As the recriminations increased, the public naturally rushed to the conclusion that still more serious scandals lay behind those which had been dragged to light in the quarrel between the president and the vice-president. Between these two officers lay direct and public issues of fact. A feeling of panic had begun to seize on men and women who had been paying their savings, year by year, to this company in return for a

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guarantee of provision for their families at their death. The crisis was urgent, and there was only one way to meet it. The directors chose a committee from their own membership, conferred on it full power to investigate the charges made and the whole management of the Society, and instructed it to report its findings frankly.

At the start, this committee was looked upon by the public with much suspicion—chiefly because of a prevalent belief that the ownership of the company by one majority stockholder, the admitted existence of "dummy directors" on the board, and certain financial entanglements would obstruct unbiassed judgment. Early in April, the committee's chairman published his heads of inquiry; they were so searching and comprehensive as apparently to preclude all possibility of "whitewashing" or evasion. Thereupon public confidence in the committee returned. Mr. Frick's formal requests for evidence, addressed to the heads of the Equitable, were as plain warning as any honest man could have wished that the report would be unsparing.

What is the result? The committee submits its report to the directors; the report is found to be what its chairman's programme promised—an unflinching exposure of those grave evils regarding which the company's high executive officers have for months been exchanging accusations. There were open to the directors, in our judgment, three possible ways of dealing properly with that report. They might have approved it and published it. They might have published it, with approval of some findings and dissent from others. Finally, they might have rejected it *in toto*, denying the facts alleged—in which case their business was to produce the evidence refuting the charges—or rejecting the recommendations made and stating their reason for so doing. The directors chose none of these methods. They suppressed publication of the document, listened to the defence of some of the implicated parties, and then merely voted that the whole report be rejected. Except through unconfirmed rumor, colored by imagination and suspicion, the public knew nothing as to what these investigators of the company, chosen by the company itself, had desired to make known to its policyholders, or as to the grounds for the directors' action. The report, as subsequently given out, came from the committee itself, and without instructions from the board.

It appears to us that, from any point of view, the folly of this action is all but incredible. Resignations by directors whose work has been thus flouted, have followed as a matter of course. But in what a position is the company itself left by the board's extraordinary proceeding! It must be clear to any sane mind that the matter cannot stop where it is. The Frick report was made by order of the directors, but in the interest of the policyholders. Fortunately, these policyholders have obtained a knowledge of what the report contains by newspaper publication. Such publicity should have been conceded as a right, as a measure of self-preservation for the company. We ignore, and we shall continue to ignore until evidence is before us, the floating talk of "betrayal" of this accused officer or that by the committee, of secret offers by a committeeman, after submitting the report, to buy Mr. Hyde's stock control. Allegations of "betrayal" mean to us nothing, except that some implicated officer believed that he had a friend at court who would rule in his favor regardless of the evidence. But our judgment is, that neither incident, even if it were publicly proved, would in the least degree palliate the action of the board of directors. There are names signed to the report against which no intimation of blackmail could be raised for an instant; and, indeed, if every committeeman had been guilty of indiscreet or objectionable conduct, it would remain no less true that the report itself deals with facts, and that unless these can be disproved, it must be acted on, irrespective of the men who signed it.

As for the report itself, at present it suffices to say that the committee's findings of fact fully warrant the recent public demand for a thorough overhauling of the company's management, and, in our judgment, made inevitable a report of severe and unsparing character. We shall not undertake now to discuss Mr. Hyde's reported promise to "divest himself of his stock control"; that proposition cannot be intelligently considered until it is known who is to acquire the control which he lays down, what the terms of purchase are to be, and whether the Society itself has the right to pay the price. Beyond all these considerations lies the grave question, what steps the directors themselves are now to take to repair last week's blunder, and how they are to act on the formal charges which, even though the committee's report be officially rejected, are now more emphatically than ever before the public.

President Alexander and Vice-President Hyde have each published a reply to the report. The committee found President Alexander guilty of concealing from the directors his knowledge of illegal acts committed by his subordinates, and of being a member of the syndicate which, composed of officers of the Equitable, illegally and for the personal profit of its own members sold securities to that company. Mr. Alexander's reply is both feeble and evasive—qualities which, we are bound to say, have characterized every communication signed by him from the time this scandal started. He now declares the committee's charges to be "unqualifiedly false and not sustained by the evidence." Our own opinion is, that the evidence for them is absolutely convincing, and that the charges are established by Mr. Alexander's own communications to the committee. The alternative to acceptance of the committee's charges involves, indeed, a supposition fully as damaging to the president's reputation as the charges themselves. Yet he alleges it in his own defence, declaring that the grossly irregular purchases of securities which had been going on as far back as January 1, 1904, came to his knowledge only a few weeks prior to the board meeting of last February. What sort of executive supervision that is which renders possible such unauthorized misuse of the company's funds for a year or more, and to the sum of millions, we leave to the reader's judgment. At Mr. Alexander's door must also be laid, in accordance with all rational business practice, the first responsibility for the demoralization permeating the Society, and on these points the committee's evidence is quite irrefutable.

We have hitherto commented on the position in which Mr. Hyde was placed by his own admissions to the Frick committee. The committee finds him guilty of violating the insurance law by using the Equitable as a market for securities "underwritten" by his own syndicate, and we see no other possible conclusion. His counsel asserts that, "when the subject is fully understood," every right-minded man will agree that Hyde "was morally, as well as legally, entitled to these profits." Our opinion is, that the subject is fully understood already, and that right-minded men have reached and will sustain the opposite conclusion. Equally incontestable, in our view, is the committee's finding that Mr. Hyde has been guilty of other acts, "irregular in the sense that they are not in accordance with the Society's law or with sound business practices, treating the Society and its affairs largely as if they were his own personal concern."

This finding is, indeed, a mild summary of the specifications which the committee fortifies with its evidence. The well-established facts that Mr. Hyde has used the Equitable's investment funds to gratify his own ambition and secure a place on other corporation directories; that, between 1901 and 1903, his own salary was marked up from $30,000 to $100,000; that he had added $27,000 more by salaries paid him for nominal services by companies owned by the Equitable, and that, by his own admission, he had attempted to use the company's money for social celebrations of his own—these simply show what a system of "graft" has pervaded the entire institution, and why it is wholly out of the question that the beneficiary of such practices should remain in his present office.

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If anything more than the Frick report were needed to prove the state of complete demoralization into which the company has been brought, it may be found in Mr. Tarbell's statements to the directors—statements as yet uncontroverted. The $8,000,000 loss in business during May, and the warning that failure to deal promptly with the existing situation will involve the demoralization and desertion of the agency force, simply prove the folly of all talk of a "peaceful and permanent solution, satisfactory to all interests," being near at hand. Altogether too much has been said already of "satisfying all the interests" that are now known to have fattened on illicit plunder from the company. It is high time that the policyholders' interest should take the place that belongs to it by right. For these policyholders, there can be no possibility of a permanent solution short of a thorough housecleaning which shall involve, first of all, removal of the officers whose mismanagement or guilt has brought the company to its present pass.

## *MUSIC IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.*

Two years ago three of the most famous American composers were at the head of the musical departments in our leading universities—John K. Paine at Harvard, Edward MacDowell at Columbia, Horatio Parker at Yale. To-day, Professor Parker alone remains at his post. Professor MacDowell left Columbia for reasons sufficiently discussed at the time, and a few days ago came the announcement that Professor Paine would retire on a pension, after having reached his sixty-sixth year and served his university forty-three years. In accepting his resignation the Board of Overseers entered on the records their desire to express "their sense of the high value of Professor Paine's services to the University, and to congratulate him upon his success in building up from the foundation the department of music."

Professor Paine is not only the Nestor of American composers, he is also the first native musician who mastered the larger musical forms and created works that won fame abroad as well as at home. His opera, "Azara," has not yet been produced. He regards it as his principal work; but even if it should fail of success, his orchestral works, notably his second symphony and his symphonic poems, "The Tempest" and "An Island Fantasy," and his music to the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles and "The Birds" of Aristophanes, will always ensure him an honorable position in the front rank of American composers. These works will in all probability be better known to the next generation than to his contemporaries, in obedience to what seems to be a law of nature, compelling the best composers to write chiefly "music of the future." But in the other field in which Mr. Paine has done pioneer work—that of creating a department of music in American universities—the present generation is already reaping a rich harvest.

Although some women's colleges may have taught practical music—piano playing and singing—before Mr. Paine began his courses at Harvard, he was the first to establish music as a branch of academic study, on an equal footing with all the other branches, counting for the degrees of A.B. and A.M. He began his work at Harvard in 1862, while Yale, Columbia, and other institutions have established their courses of music within a decade or two. The Universities of Michigan and Pennsylvania were in the field somewhat earlier; but all these colleges have combined conservatory work (piano, organ, and vocal teaching) with some theoretical courses and the history of music, whereas all the eight courses at Harvard are what may be termed academic, and count towards degrees. At first the growth of the new department was very slow. Up to 1869 the courses amounted to little more than private instruction in harmony and theory of music; in the following year twenty lectures on musical history were delivered, and two years later, at Mr. Paine's suggestion, harmony and counterpoint were introduced by the faculty as academic studies. In 1873 Mr. Paine was appointed assistant professor, and two years later professor. Until ten years ago he taught without any assistant, but the latest prospectus includes, besides his name, those of W. R. Spalding as assistant professor, F. S. Converse as instructor in music, and H. L. Stone as assistant in music, while the number of students exceeds two hundred.

When Mr. Paine went to Harvard there was not only indifference to music, but a prejudice against it as a college study, and he had to fight against great odds. In a few years this feeling died out, and is now a thing of the past. It is singular that so much hard and persistent effort should have been necessary to gain a foothold for music, for the academic study of music is no new thing in Europe. Professorships on this subject have existed at Oxford from the twelfth century; at Salamanca, Brescia, Tübingen, from the sixteenth; at Bologna and Basel from the seventeenth. In the scholastic age music held the central place in the curriculum of learning. To-day there are professors of music at Berlin, Munich, Leipsic, and other German universities, but apparently not one has a thoroughly organized department where most of the subjects are taught and counted for degrees as at Harvard. Usually, at these institutions, the *Musikprofessor* is not a prominent composer, but a historiographer, like Philip Spitta, or Eduard Hanslick, or Hugo Riemann.

The two most important questions now before the American universities which have, or expect to have, a musical department, are: Should the German universities be accepted as prototypes, or Harvard, or Yale; and should the instructor ever be a great composer? The answer to the first question depends somewhat on circumstances. Yale, for instance, is doubtless wise in having orchestral and oratorio societies as an adjunct to the musical department, and is justified in giving instruction in piano, organ, violin, and violoncello playing, and in singing, while Harvard, being so near the concert halls and conservatories of Boston, can dispense with such practical matters and confine itself to harmony, counterpoint, history of music, musical form, fugue, canon, and the higher branches of composition, including orchestration.

The problem of instructors is more serious; it is a phase of the larger question as to the advisability of harnessing creative minds. It is quite true that, as Professor Stanley of Ann Arbor has said, regarding Professor Paine at Harvard, "his influence as a teacher has been very great, and for many years he has been an inspiration to the men who have been under his instruction, while his example has been of incalculable benefit to American music"; it is also true that Professor Paine trained about a score of the best-known composers, teachers, and critics in this country. Yet it is likely that he would have done still more for the honor and profit of American art if he could have converted the energy expended in teaching into creating more of his splendid orchestral works. The same can be said of Mr. MacDowell. The years he spent at Columbia were so exhausting that there was not enough energy and impulse left for as large a number of his inspired compositions as his admirers had a right to expect of him. Apparently, therefore, one must advise our universities to keep their hands off our composers. To be sure, the poor fellows have to live; perhaps, some day, the generous rich will take account of and make provision for them.

## *THE HEIR TO THE GERMAN THRONE.*

The marriage of the German Crown Prince has naturally aroused widespread interest in the bridegroom, whose influence upon the future of Europe is certain, if he lives, to be very great. So far, comparatively little has been known abroad about him, save that he is just twenty-three, and has been attending the University of Bonn, where his father and grandfather, too, put the finishing touches to their education. That he has had the usual stern training given to a

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Hohenzollern, goes without saying. If character can be formed, and the moral decadence so apt to come with the possession of royal powers can be avoided, by a course of simple living, strict discipline, and hard brain work, the future Emperor is certain to be as fine an example of strenuous and honorable activity as his father. The young Hohenzollern princes may well look with envy upon their contemporaries in the nobility; they, at least, know no such strenuous life, so barren of soft pleasures, as falls to the lot of a son of the German Emperor—at least until he goes to the University.

The very simplicity of this well-understood training takes away in Germany much of that interest, if not divinity, which doth hedge about a future ruler, as well as an actual king, until such a notable event as his marriage attracts popular attention. In this case it has already resulted in the publication of a number of pamphlets and newspaper articles designed to reveal the real Prince to his future subjects. The most interesting is from the pen of a "Fellow-man," as he writes himself on the title-page of 'The German Crown Prince in the Light of Our Times.' This "Fellow-man" is Willy Seibert, the Prince's former music teacher at Bonn. Fantastically written as the book in many respects is, far too full of Herr Seibert's own views on music and politics, it is none the less an honest and earnest attempt to give an unbiassed sketch of a young man who, in outward appearance at least, is merely a typical blond young German, trim and slender in his handsome uniform, and rather proud and cold in his bearing. From the very first the Crown Prince has suffered by comparison with his younger brother, Prince Eitel Friedrich, who, as a golden-haired child, developed a charm of personality that has made him to-day far more familiar to the people and much better liked than the older and more reserved Prince.

Both are simple and unaffected young men, Eitel with all the love of a frolic to be found in the average American collegian. But all his readiness not to stand upon his royal dignity did not make the Crown Prince popular at Bonn. He failed to join in the student drinking bouts with all the enthusiasm of the average *Korpsstudent*. "He has not enough thirst, he will not *guzzle*," was the regretful, but to most people complimentary, judgment passed upon him by his fellows of the "Borussia." And his tutor vouches for the fact that the Prince's alleged infatuations for certain singers, actresses, and American beauties, so vividly described by sensational journals at home and abroad, are of the idle stuff of dreams. Only one innocent amour he allows him. But the son of his father could not fail to have a liking for sports. A daring horseman, he is also devoted to tennis, to rowing, and to automobiling. Student duelling he has never cared for, and his democratic insistence on visiting middle-class families, which deeply offended the officers of the Bonn garrison, is a hopeful augury that he will have less sympathy for snobbish military aristocrats than has marked the present Emperor. None the less, he is, we are told, "a soldier at heart." Like all the Hohenzollerns, he is a lover of music, but even his teacher cannot make him out other than a fair performer on the violin.

Herr Seibert gives us his word that his royal charge is politically unprejudiced. He notes with satisfaction that, on hearing a lecturer praise the Hohenzollerns as defenders of free speech, the Crown Prince spoke up loudly: "So it has been, and so it always will be." If we may trust this Boswell, the heir to the throne is distinctly clever, of calm judgment, and with unusual insight into character. He is, however, evidently not of an original mind, and he is content to accept his religion as a good Hohenzollern defender of the faith should, with scant regard for the new philosophy that would undermine the faiths of old. Altogether, he is reputed to be far more like his great-grandfather, the narrow William I., than his brilliant father. Like them both, he has a keen sense of duty, certain to keep him steadily in harness.

So much for the "present view." Time alone can show whether it is as far from the truth as were most of the judgments about the present Emperor when he was so suddenly called to the throne, after only a few months' emergence from the comparative obscurity of a mere Prince of Prussia. The impulsiveness then attributed to the sovereign has proved less dangerous than was feared, and, so far from being a devotee of war, as his early utterances portrayed him, he has, like his uncle, the King of England, done his best to preserve peace among nations. It cannot be said, however, that the Kaiser has pleased his subjects by his choice of a bride for his son. The Mecklenburgs have not played too noble a part in their country's history, and, to come down to present times, the mother of the bride has, rightly or wrongly, been so *non grata* to princes and people that her presence at the wedding ceremonies had not been expected. But there are few princely German families from which an heir to the throne can choose a consort, and in this case, it is alleged, as so often when royal lovers wed, that the young Crown Prince's affections coincide with the will of his Imperial father.

## THE HARVARD MEMORIAL WINDOW IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL.

LONDON, May 22, 1905.

Mr. Choate's last public appearance as American Ambassador took place this afternoon in St. Saviour's Church, this month formally proclaimed to be the Cathedral of the new Bishopric of Southwark. Situated close to the Southwark end of London Bridge, this fabric, being one of the oldest churches in London, is undergoing enlargement in various ways in order that it may suffice for the growing needs of the vast population of the Surrey side. Its construction goes back to the thirteenth century; from belonging to an old Augustinian Priory, it was, in 1540, converted into a parish church. Three hundred years later, in 1840, its nave was demolished to make room for what cannot be deemed a wholly pleasing modern substitute. One of the alterations made, apparently at this time, was the walling up of the four Norman arches by which the old Chapel of St. John the Divine (where John Harvard, whose father was buried near by, was baptized on November 29, 1607) communicated with the north transept and adjacent parts of the church. The sole window in this chapel, now used as a vestry, is filled with stonework, designed by Mr. C. F. McKim, and glazed with three lights designed and executed by Mr. John La Farge. Above are the arms of Great Britain, Harvard University, and Emmanuel College, while below are three Biblical scenes, with St. John and the baptism of Christ at the centre, and the record of John Harvard's baptism blazoned below the whole. The liberal proportions of this window give ample scope for glowing effects of color such as only La Farge knows how to achieve, and are in contrast with the small dimensions to which the quondam chapel has been reduced since 1840.

A plan is on foot to undo the immediate past and restore the smothered Norman arches by opening out the chapel, which might then be suitably known as the Harvard Chapel of St. John the Divine. Meanwhile to-day's ceremony had to take place in the ancient Ladye Chapel, from which the window was not visible. The Ambassador with the clergy proceeded to the chapel and unveiled the window, returning thence to the crowded assemblage—a very representative one—among which were noticeable delegates from Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Emmanuel College, of course, was conspicuously present on an occasion so nearly concerning it, nor were graduates of Harvard lacking.

At the beginning, the American flag was flying from the Cathedral tower and the window was covered by a second American flag. This last was removed by Mr. Choate, and then Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Rochester, in whose diocese was the whole Surrey side of London until the creation of the Bishopric of Southwark, declared that the Harvard window was in a chapel—henceforth a Harvard chapel—dating back four or five hundred years beyond John Harvard's christening day. Americans in visiting it might remember "the rock from which they were hewn." Englishmen would see in it a proof of filial and brotherly attachment. Summoned to speak his mind as the donor, Mr. Choate touched upon "abiding relations of friendship" happily uniting England and America. Born at the Surrey end of London Bridge, baptized here three centuries ago, educated at Emmanuel while Milton was at Christ's, John Harvard, like Milton, was a scholar and of pious life. Seeking larger

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freedom in Massachusetts, he died "prematurely, as it then seemed, but in the fulness and perfection of time, as is now manifest." Touching then upon his part in founding Harvard, Mr. Choate quoted the quaint colonial record, and dwelt upon the two mottoes of Harvard University, which, strong in prestige and renown, rich in endowments, and richer still in the loyalty of her sons, was "not unworthy to be compared with Oxford and Cambridge, from which it drew its first life." "A radiating source of light," Harvard and its sons had had their full share, he said, in all the great movements which have marked the progress from "that little handful of storm-swept immigrants on the Atlantic coast to the imperial republic of to-day." In our own day Harvard had sent forth Phillips Brooks, "to be a pillar of Christ and the Church (*Christo et Ecclesiae*), and Theodore Roosevelt, to be a champion of the truth (*Veritas*)." He echoed the wish of Dr. Talbot that the memorial window might be a place for reviving the kindred attachment between England and America. Harvard was as surely the offspring of Cambridge and Oxford, and own daughter of Emmanuel, as Old England was the mother of New England. Of one hundred early teachers at Harvard who came from Oxford and Cambridge, seventy were from Cambridge and twenty from Emmanuel. "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go, for she is thy life," was the closing utterance of the speaker, who added thanks to the Dean and Chapter and to Mr. La Farge.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then gave succinctly a genial account of the foundation of Emmanuel by Sir Walter Mildmay, and made appropriate allusion to the contribution of John Harvard in founding the American offshoot of Sir Walter's college. Having touched feelingly upon the signal good offices of the donor in cementing Anglo-American friendship, the Archbishop spoke of the Church of St. Saviour's, linked "with the storied past of England, with Chaucer, Shakspere, Bunyan, and many more," and now "springing this very month into new life" as a Cathedral.

Mr. James Bryce, the last speaker, dwelt on Harvard's history and influence. Founded under Sir Harry Vane, "young in years, but in sage counsel old," Harvard had taught the subjects of the day with thoroughness. She had done more for her pupils than Magdalen for Gibbon, or Balliol for Adam Smith. She had formed the mind of Boston, which in turn formed the mind of New England. Above all, she had always had the generous support of her sons, who had for generations poured out money for her every need. Harvard had 5,000 students to-day, of whom one-third designed themselves not merely for the professions, but for some trade or commerce—a point which deserved attention from English universities. In a country where wealth was eagerly sought and swiftly made, reverence and love for learning were supremely important. This was recognized in America, where universities were loved and freely (too freely, perhaps) endowed—for even universities might suffer from having too much wealth. Two-thirds of the Harvard students came, nevertheless, from humble homes. Mr. Bryce concluded by picturing the unique position of influence enjoyed in America to-day by college presidents, and closed with an emphatic declaration that the universities and the church were the best elements in American life.

LOUIS DYER.

## THE SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1905.

I suppose it is inevitable that, with the years, the new Salon should fall into the respectable mediocrity from which the artists who formed it hoped to escape when they seceded from the old Salon. In the early nineties, the contrast between the two exhibitions was enormous. Whatever the seceders made of theirs in the beginning, they certainly managed to avoid respectability and mediocrity both. Indeed, they preferred rather to go to any extreme of outrageousness or eccentricity. What they produced as a result may not have been great art, but it revealed at least an effort, a striving, on their part, to see and express things for themselves; at least a consciousness that the development of one's individuality is better far than an unintelligent repetition of the old and exhausted formulas of the schools. The new Salon at the Champ de Mars may have been full of the sensational in motive and method—those were the days of Rosicrucianism and the Scriptural subject in modern dress, the days of *plein-airistes* and *pointillistes*, and the innumerable *istes* now forgotten; but there was life, there was movement, and movement in any direction is better than stagnation. The new Salon at the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, however, has turned its earlier experimenting into conventions as benumbing as those of the older society, and, really, between the two exhibitions there is no longer very much to choose.

The older men at the new Salon seem to have lost their freshness of vision and observation as entirely as the older men of the Salon they deserted that they might preserve their independence; they now paint according to a cut-and-dried recipe. If, at the old Salon, one can count beforehand on the barren sweep of Pointelin's landscapes and the tragic grayness of his skies, on the romantic dignity of Harpignies's accomplished design—and the pictures of these two men are among the few one stops to look at in the more conservative exhibition—so, at the new Salon, one is sure beforehand of the mysterious fog in which Carrière's sitters will be enveloped, of the meretricious elegance of Carolus-Duran's portraits, and the amazing caricature of Boldini's. The painter who refuses to look at nature save through a chosen convention, even if it be one he has evolved or invented for himself, is bound sooner or later, and usually sooner, to come to the end of his resources. Not the greatest can escape. Take, for instance, Carrière; it is as if, nowadays, he sacrificed everything in his pictures to the atmosphere which was their charm in the beginning, but has now deteriorated into something perilously like a *cliché*. In this year's portrait of an elderly man and woman, there is little or nothing of the character so strong in his "Daudet" and many of his earlier portraits, none of the grandeur of design that was the distinction of his interior of a theatre shown but a few summers ago. And so Boldini has become more and more absorbed in the amusing and eccentric lines, the delicious absurdities of modern modes, until half the time, when women sit to him, he produces not a portrait, but a mad parody of a fashion plate. Of his two portraits of women now at the Salon, however, one is, for him, reticence itself—in atonement, as it were, for his unpardonable exaggerations of last year, though these, slightly modified, are repeated in the second, a full-length of the most Parisian of Parisians. But he has also been painting a man in matter-of-fact everyday coat and hat—a portrait in which the character, to the very angle at which the hat tilts backward, is unmistakable, for in his portraits of men he must seek his amusement necessarily in character rather than in costume, and therefore they usually show him in his more sober mood.

Unfortunately, M. Besnard exhibits nothing but a portion of the ceiling he has designed for the Théâtre-Français; Apollo and the Twenty-Four Hours his subject. As seen on the walls of the Salon, the color scheme is confused, and the clouds that pile themselves up in great masses below the orange circle of the sun are solid and lumpy. But it is unfair, it is impossible, to judge a ceiling when hung as a picture, and a small model of the entire design is far more promising. Of other older men—men like Lhermitte, Roll, Billotte—there is little to be said. The names attract now rather than the work, upon which constant repetition of well-approved formulas has left its mark. Even the men of a younger generation, those who were "the younger men" in the early days of the secession, are not able to resist the apathy of the moment. M. Aman-Jean's portraits, though they retain the old grace and the old tenderness of color, are fading into anæmic shadows of those decorative presentments which, when first shown, took the artistic world by storm, but which, at their strongest, were never exactly robust. M. Simon's determined realism has led him to a statement of fact so prosaic, so dull, that his large group of this year—"Soirée dans un atelier"—is about as interesting as a photograph. The camera could have got as much, or more, out of the effects of light in a studio at night, and out of the people gathered there—M. Cottet conspicuous among them. M. Simon, in his eagerness to paint precisely what he sees and nothing else, apparently forgets that everything depends not on what but how he sees.

It is not a little to M. Cottet's credit that he has realized the danger lurking in repetition, and, at the risk of a loss of popularity, has struggled to break free from the Breton subjects the public have come to look for from him. He has been to Spain; he has discovered Segovia, Salamanca, Avila, those strongholds of the romantic; he has done his best to show the might and majesty of a great Spanish cathedral, the grimness and impressiveness of the old walled and battlemented Spanish town. But, after gray Brittany, the sunshine of Spain has bewildered him. His blue, cloudless skies are flat; cathedral and town are cut out in hard outline against it. He has had to wait for the storm or the cloudy day to see atmosphere in a land where the atmospheric conditions are so new and strange to him. Spain does not reveal herself on a first visit. One must know the country to realize the truth, as well as the beauty, of Velasquez's landscapes, where the sunshine is always tempered. M. Cottet might also, without much loss of time, have

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chosen finer and more picturesque points of view. However, no matter from where you look at them, these three Spanish towns build themselves up into a romantic composition, and it is something that the artist should have tried to paint them as they are, instead of presenting them according to a familiar recipe for light and color.

I wish I could say as much for M. Gaston La Touche, whose earnestness in attacking a certain problem of light was at the start the great merit of his pictures, and made them, even when he failed in his solution, worth studying. But now that he has mastered the problem, now that he has learned the secret of rendering sunlight falling through green foliage, or lamplight shining from under a green shade or in a green-toned room, he seems afraid to venture upon any new experiment. All that is left is to vary the subject he illuminates with this golden-green light—and to concentrate one's attention upon subject in France is to come to the tale of intrigue as inevitably as, in England, it ushers in the sentiment of the baby, the dog, and the mustard pot. M. Ménard, on the other hand, is not even at the trouble to vary his subject, but goes on rendering the same low-toned landscape under the same pale skies, with the same clouds he painted so well low on the horizon. Among the portrait painters, M. La Gandara shows no less the evil effects of repetition. He, who was at one time spoken of as a rival to Whistler, has allowed his interest in the sheen of silk and satin, in the flow of draperies, to engross him more and more until, really, the women in his two large portraits this year are no better than puppets, red-cheeked dolls, manikins on which to display a pretty fashion.

If I seem to be dwelling chiefly on this tendency to repetition—a tendency doomed to result in stagnation—it is because, to me, nothing is more marked in either Salon. Some of the French critics have been lamenting, as the reason of the dulness of this year's exhibitions, the increasing influence of Whistler and Carrière, which means, so they say, dreariness and sadness in the followers, a dirtiness of color, an emptiness of design. But though this influence does manifest itself in the painting of some of the younger men, it is far from prevailing, and, still suffering as I am from the prismatic fireworks of men like Eliot and Roll and Montenard in the new Salon, the blinding brilliance of Sorolla in the old, I cannot very well join in the lament. It is rather to the benumbing influence of formula, whether of tradition or of the individual, that the dulness—upon which every one agrees, whatever is suggested as cause—must be attributed.

Zuloaga, though it is but a few years since his name was heard in the Salon, since his warmest admirers proclaimed him the modern Velasquez, appears already to have exhausted his originality. His Spanish types have lost their life and piquancy; the animation of the women, with their powdered faces and gay shawls, might be machine-made, so perfunctory does it seem, while what passed for breadth of technique has deteriorated into coarseness or carelessness, and the hasty marks of his big, heavily-charged brush are so many proofs of the truth of Whistler's teaching, that a picture is not finished until all traces of how it was done have gone from it. Garrido, too—it may be out of deference to his patrons—seems to have stereotyped the face of his little model, and the smile with which she looks out now from almost his every picture. Of all this Spanish group, Anglada is most successful in retaining his inventiveness and remaining personal without becoming mannered. He has been studying the phenomena of color and light in a Spanish poultry market at night, and on his canvas the confused mass of gorgeous plumage, suddenly emerging from the shadowy background, is as strong and brilliant and bewildering in color as he must have seen it to produce an effect so obviously true.

I know it is not easy to draw the line between personality and mannerism. Some of the painters whose work stands out with most distinction, have developed a style so entirely their own that it might seem mannered were it not so well subordinated to the rendering of the impression they wish to record. The paintings of Mr. Morrice, for one, are so personal that they could not be mistaken for any one else's, but so far he has not let this expression of his personality become a mere trick of technique. His work, if not very strong, always has charm; and again this year, in his Southern bull-ring as on his Northern seas, in his circus as in his open square, you feel his sensitiveness to harmonious color, his feeling for decorative design. Nothing could be truer than his circus, but it is no bare statement of fact like M. Simon's huge studio; it is the circus made beautiful by the wide sweep of its curves, the tender depths of its shadows. At times M. Le Sidaner threatens to overstep the line into mannerism; but this year he shows he can see beauty of light and atmosphere in the crowded Paris street as in the little provincial *place*. The kiosque with its flaring posters, or the red hat of a passing figure, is to him as lovely as the blossoms in a lamplit garden or the gold of the autumn trees. Mr. Maurer is another of the younger men whose work has not lost its interest. He is still preoccupied with types unpleasantly coarse, but the honest study of character in his two full-length portraits of women, as in his ballet girl of two years ago, redeems them from vulgarity. Better, however, are his café and garden, both amusing in perspective and full of ingenuity in arrangement. Mr. Maurer has not ceased to be the student; one hopes for much from him when he eventually finds himself. Mr. Frieseke would do well to borrow (for an interval, anyway) Mr. Maurer's subjects, his danger lying in over-sweetness of color, over-refinement of design. His large nude, "Femme Nue," is the most ambitious of his canvases I have seen, but the figure of the woman stretched upon the couch might just as well not have been there, so secondary is it in interest to the arrangement of rose in the draperies and wall-paper. His two or three smaller canvases are reëchoes of pictures already exhibited. Nor do I think that M. Caro-Delvaille fulfils the promise held out two years ago by that large family portrait group bought for the Luxembourg. He has not renounced his ambition; the recognition of his fellow-artists has not failed him. His several portraits, surrounding an idyl of "September," fill a centre in one of the larger galleries. But he has grown self-conscious. In his "Madame Edmond Rostand" and his "Mademoiselle Jeanne Rolly," the pose is forced, the costume is deliberately eccentric, and the eye wanders involuntarily from the figures, where it should rest, to the beautifully painted flowers here on a table, there on the mantel; or to a glimpse of the blue night through an open window. The idyl, with its group of irrelevant figures in a romantic landscape, may have been intended for a modern version of Giorgione's "Fête Champêtre"; but it is without any of the qualities such a subject calls for.

Mr. Sargent is represented only by the "Duchess of Sutherland" from last year's Academy, a portrait which strikes the French critic as the superficial shadow of Sargent at his best that I found it when I saw it in London. There are portraits by several of the Glasgow men, notably Sir James Guthrie's "Miss Jeanie Martin"; but of these I have written when they were in different London exhibitions. M. Thaulow, as of old, impresses one by the truth of his studies of water and snow. M. Lobre attracts by his delightfully rendered little interiors; the cathedral of Chartres and the splendor of its glass suggesting some of his latest subjects. There may be many other good things hidden away in a collection so huge that, with the best will in the world, it is impossible to see everything. Of what one does see, there is unquestionably so little of importance, so much of colorless commonplace, that one finds one's self turning with amusement to Veber's grotesque fantasies, or with relief to the vigorous downright realism of Hochard's provincial types, as grotesque in their way.

Another fact I should point out is the absence of many of the Americans who were faithful exhibitors in the new Salon—Alexander, Humphreys Johnston, Walter Gay, Dannat, Eugene Vail; all, for the time, anyway, have vanished. Mr. Melchers remains, showing a full-length portrait of a peasant girl in costume—and also Mr. Childe-Hassam, who has several brilliant landscapes, and Mr. Alexander Harrison, whose seas, I must confess, have lost the freshness of their charm.

The sculpture and the black-and-white have not escaped the general dulness. As ever, the ability revealed by the sculptors in both Salons is appalling when one considers how little great work comes of it all. This year, to make matters worse, M. Rodin has nothing very remarkable like his "Penseur" or the monument to Victor Hugo; no colossal failure, even, like the Balzac. His bust of M. Guillaume is a fine, nervous rendering of character, but it cannot hold or fascinate one in quite the same manner, and the large cast of his study of a figure was in last winter's International. Nor can M. Bartholomé's "Adam and Eve" be accepted as one of his masterpieces. The black drapery about two small bronzes by Constantin Meunier is a reminder of the great loss modern sculpture has incurred within the last year.

The days of experimenting, of brilliant innovation and daring departure, seem to have passed for draughtsmen and engravers. There was a time, not so long ago, when one wanted to examine carefully every drawing and print, when there were few that did not present some interesting technical problem, or work out some splendid

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or at least startling design. But now it is the other way about, and there are few that call for special attention by any originality of method or fine accomplishment. Artists like M. Louis Legrand, M. Chahine, Mr. MacLaughlin, M. Milcendeau, M. Luigini continue to exhibit in the new Salon; artists like M. Dillon, M. Bauer, Mr. Pennell, Mr. Wolf in the old. But I might note many absences this summer, and the once high level of achievement is hardly maintained. The extraordinary part of it is that, despite the fatigue and exhaustion facing one in every section of both exhibitions, the number of exhibitors does not decrease. Indeed, the new Salon this year has opened new rooms for the paintings, the autumn Salon is only less large than the two older shows, a Société Nouvelle has been launched. It seems a pity, for there is a saving remnant out of which one good, strong, if comparatively small, exhibition might be made.

N. N.

## OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENTS IN SWITZERLAND.

ZURICH, May, 1905.

The biographer of Prof. E. A. Freeman says that Freeman could never breathe quite freely in a country which was not under some form of popular government, and that Switzerland was to him one of the most delectable of all countries, because it was essentially a land of freedom in which some of the most primitive Teutonic customs were preserved almost without change. An Irishman may fully share that feeling when he visits a country where there are no landlords, no privileged classes, and where the executive and judicial officers receive each year directly from the hands of the sovereign people their mandates and commissions of office.

Most persons know that Switzerland is a federated republic, consisting of twenty-two States, each of which is sovereign, so far as its independence and legislative powers are not restricted by the Federal Constitution. Each has its own system of government, based on the principle of the absolute sovereignty of the people. The total population of the republic is three and a third million souls, and, three of the cantons having divided themselves into half-cantons, the smallest self-governing area, Basel Stadt, contains only fourteen square miles, while the least in population is the half-canton of Nidwalden, with 13,000 souls. In seven of these States the people exercise their legislative powers directly without the intervention of any parliamentary machinery. Once a year at least, and at other times if necessary, the voters meet in the open air, approve or disapprove then and there of their laws, budgets, taxes; elect their administrators and judges and their representative to the Federal State Council. Freeman reckoned it one of the highest privileges of his life to have been present at one of these open-air parliaments, of which every voter is a member.

The cantons in which these "Landesgemeinden" still exist are Uri (population 20,000), Schwyz (55,000), Obwalden (15,000), Nidwalden (13,000), Glarus (32,000), Appenzell, Exterior (55,000), Appenzell, Interior (14,000). The procedure at the Landesgemeinden is not exactly the same in each canton. I shall describe what took place at the two I attended—one in Uri, the other in Nidwald.

Uri Landesgemeinde is held on the first Sunday in May. Official notice, and the business with which the meeting is to deal, are published beforehand by the Cantonal Council. Notice must be given in writing of amendments or new proposals. For any change in the Constitution, the demand must be made in writing by fifty voters. Every citizen who has attained the age of twenty years can vote and speak at the Landesgemeinde. At Uri the business this year was: (1) Filling a vacancy in the Cantonal Council, which is reëlected every fourth year; (2) election of Landamman, or president, a vice-president, and two representatives to the Federal States-Council at Berne, each for one year only; (3) election of five members of the Supreme Court for four years, and acceptance of the resignation of the president on account of deafness; (4) election of four members of the Criminal Court—term of office four years; (5) election of four members of two district courts—term of office four years—together with substitutes in case of unavoidable absence of the regular members; (6) law relating to Cantonal Savings Bank; (7) consideration of a proposal made by sixty-seven voters for a change in the law affecting markets. Time of meeting, noon.

At eleven o'clock the square and principal streets of Altdorf were full of people, and a procession was formed. In front marched two heralds in fantastic uniforms, half-yellow, half-black, with large white frills and cuffs, plumed hats, and the celebrated wild-bulls' horns of Uri, which had been blown at the battle of Morgarten, slung round their necks. A brass and a drum band followed. Then came the troops of Uri—sixty soldiers in blue and gray, followed by twelve police. Four carriages contained the principal State officials, and seven important-looking persons in cocked hats and long gowns, one side of which was yellow and the other black. These were the Landweibeln, sergeants or beadles, who were to decide all questions as to the voting. The crowd—men, women, and children—walked alongside or after the procession, the band and the drums playing alternately. Two miles we trudged in blazing sunshine on the main road, then up a lane to Bözlingen, the place of meeting.

On a level sward a temporary structure of tiers of benches was provided for the voters; in the centre was a table and two chairs. From the level a talus sloped up for 100 feet or more to a mighty and sheer cliff seven or eight hundred feet in height. Above this was a ledge of pasture dotted with pines, then steep forest for about 2,000 feet, then rocks and snow. The green floor of the valley, about three-quarters of a mile wide, was dotted with enormous pear, cherry, apple, and plum trees in full blossom; on the opposite side pasture, forest, rock and snow towered steeply for nine or ten thousand feet.

The senior of the yellow and black-gowned sergeants opens the proceedings with a short proclamation. The Landamman is seated at the table in the centre of the ring, the secretary beside him, the sword and mace of Uri deposited on two drums beside them. Both sit hatless in the hot sunshine. The tiers of benches are packed close with voters; sentries are posted at each entrance; the spectators on the slope can see all and hear some.

Proceedings begin punctually at noon. The Landamman speaks for about 20 minutes, turning to all parts of the ring, ending with a short prayer, during which all uncover. The first business is his own election, and he takes his seat among the crowd on the benches. The vice-president puts the question, and the Landamman, reelected without opposition, returns to the table. He speaks again at some length, explaining the business of the day. Then follow speeches from the crowd of electors. The speaker stands up, uncovers, uses no notes, and seldom exceeds fifteen minutes; some speak only for a minute or two; some gesticulate; others, hat in one hand and umbrella in the other, are motionless. The President puts the question, names each candidate, and calls for a show of hands. "Hebe die Hände vorüber," he calls in a clear voice. The seven sergeants are on a slightly raised bench; they look keenly around; to count the hands raised would be impossible, for there are over 2,000 electors in the ring. If they cannot decide, the sergeants ask for a second hand show, and finally announce their decision, saying the first, second, or third division is recognized ("Erste Entscheidung ist erkannt; Landamman"), the senior generally speaking after consultation with the others. I am told that a division or actual count is never taken here. The decisions announced were never questioned. Some speeches provoked a little laughter, but during the entire proceedings there was never applause, groans, dissent, approval, or cheering of any kind, from either voters or spectators. There was no parliamentary disorder of any kind. If two speakers rose together, one immediately gave way and waited for his turn. No speech was ever interrupted; perfect silence prevailed. The "ring" is of course reserved exclusively for voters, with the exception of the boys, who, when they could find room, sat as quiet as mice, and never attempted to raise their hands when a vote was taken. Although the tenure of the executive officers is for only one year, it is usual in this canton to reëlect the same persons year after year.

It occurs to one to ask what is done if the day is not fine. I was told that the meeting was held here rain or shine. In the adjoining Canton of Schwyz, the Landesgemeinde was summoned for the same day as in Uri to meet in a meadow, but with an announcement that, in case of bad weather, it would be held in the church. Sunday is a usual day for municipal and other public business. The better the day the better the deed. Like Alexander Severus, men here deem the service of mankind the most acceptable worship of the gods. In this respect there is no difference between Catholic and Protestant cantons. Some years ago I attended the voting on a referendum question in the Protestant Canton of Vaud. The vote was taken in the parish church after morning service. The mayor sat at a table on which was a ballot box, called out the list of voters in alphabetical order, and each man present dropped his voting-card into the box.

The other Landesgemeinde I attended was that of Nidwald. Here every male citizen over eighteen is entitled to vote. The business was election of Landamman, vice-president, and a cantonal representative

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to the Federal Chamber, each for a term of one year; the election of a State Secretary; a proposal for a licensing law increasing the tax on hotels and inns in proportion to their size and the business done; fixing the land tax for the ensuing year; authorization of some new roads. It is not the practice here to elect the same Landamman year after year, but to appoint him vice-president in alternate years; the vice-president becoming the Landamman. The important business of the day was the election of the secretary and the licensing law.

The procession marched from Stans, the State capital, and deposited flags and weapons in the ring, which was hardly large enough to contain all the voters. It was very different from the Uri meeting-place. A quadrangle thirty yards by twenty-four was enclosed by a stone wall, less than three feet high, coped with flat stones. Fourteen large chestnuts grew close to the wall, their leaves roofing in the enclosure. Rough benches provided sitting accommodation; at one end was a stone dais, on which stood the Landamman, the vice-president, the secretary, members of the Cantonal Council and four sergeants in red and white cloaks. Not only was the ring packed with voters, but they stood three deep on the wall coping. "Veni Creator" was sung, and then the Landamman gave a short address on general Swiss politics and events of the year. Everything was free and easy; the voters sat with coats off and hats on; most of them smoked; speeches were received with shrill but not prolonged cheers.

The two contentious items of business were the licensing law and election of the State Secretary. Most of the speeches were very short. The licensing law was carried by a show of hands, but the sergeants could come to no conclusion as to the voting for the Secretary. A count was directed by the Landamman, on which all voters left the ring and ranged themselves in two parties in a large meadow adjoining. Each party was accompanied by its friends the sympathizers, women, boys, children, and non-voters. The sergeants marshalled the voters out of the crowd, and they then marched four abreast between the four sergeants, two of whom stood at each side. First one party was counted, and then the other, with the result that the Liberal received 1,211 votes, and the Conservative 1,023. The division took fully an hour, and the result, when announced in the ring, was received with loud and shrill cheers. At both meetings every one was well and neatly dressed; many of the women bareheaded, with ornaments in their hair. At Nidwald about half the men wore short dark, fine cloth blouses, open at the neck embroidered with yellow, red and blue silk.

In 1291 the cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden formed a league of perpetual alliance, "to maintain their freedom and to keep up good order in their mountain valleys." They have done so, and gathered round them the group of States which forms the present Swiss republic. Their condition refutes Sir Henry Maine's opinion, given in his 'Popular Government,' that "it is not by political societies in any way resembling those now called democracies that human improvement has been carried on." Throughout Switzerland, and especially in these original cantons, democracy is both a real form of government and a state of society. Government is economical, cheap, efficient, and thoroughly in accord with the wants and wishes of the people. Laws can be, and when necessary are, quickly and easily changed. There is absolute security that such laws as are made shall be in accordance with the wants and wishes of the majority, and that the executive officers shall be persons who possess the confidence of the people. The initiative and referendum secure the same result for those cantons where the Landesgemeinden do not exist, as well as for the whole Federation. The system of primary education is the best in Europe, and the fact that 40 per cent. of the students at the Zurich Polytechnic are foreigners, is evidence of the excellence of the higher education.

One hundred years ago Switzerland was the battlefield of Europe. It was torn with internal dissensions. The country was ravaged, cities sacked; men, women, and children put to the sword. A democratic constitution, a popular and flexible system of local government, have made her one of the most progressive, contented, and internally peaceful countries in Europe. Her beautiful villages, well spread out, equipped with splendid schools, good water supplies, public weigh-bridges, suitable municipal buildings, absence of pauperism, wise provision for the care of the poor, the orphans, and the helpless, make a striking contrast with Ireland, which has not been the field of great wars since the time of Cromwell. Yet Ireland looks as if it had been ravaged by invading armies and never recovered. Its fertile districts depopulated, its urban and agricultural slums, ruinous towns, decaying or vanished villages, gigantic workhouses, mean and insufficient schools, attest what? Misgovernment and maladministration of the heavy taxes levied in a way and for purposes which the people object to, and from which they derive little benefit. Admittedly, we have the worst educational system in civilized Europe. Our system of local government is prescribed at Westminster, and controlled by boards, judges and officials appointed by the English Government, and hostile not only to every principle of popular government, but, with few exceptions, to their fellow-countrymen. They owe their positions to a foreign country. Members of Parliament are prevented from addressing their constituents. Municipal and county councillors are frequently imprisoned. It is a claim on public esteem to have been in jail on the sentence of English-appointed judges, or to have been beaten by the military force miscalled police. Public meetings are prohibited and broken up by violence at the will of the Government.

But Switzerland, not Ireland, is the subject of my letter. M. O'B.

# Correspondence.

## A BIOGRAPHICAL DIRECTORY OF AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The undersigned is compiling a Biographical Directory of American Men of Science. It was begun as a manuscript reference-list for the Carnegie Institution of Washington, but arrangements have now been made for its publication. The book should be ready in the autumn, nearly 4,000 biographical sketches being in type. The proofs have been corrected by those concerned, but, in order to secure as great accuracy as possible, a revised proof will be sent in the early autumn.

This letter is written with a view to securing biographical sketches from those living in North America, who have carried on research work in the natural or exact sciences, but who have not received proof of a sketch for correction. Some of those who were asked to send the information required did not reply, even in answer to a second and third request, and there are, of course, many who should be included in the work, but who for one reason or another did not receive the request for information.

It is intended that each biographical sketch shall contain information as follows:

(1.) The full name, with title and mail address, the part of the name ordinarily omitted in correspondence being in parentheses.

(2.) The department of investigation, given in italics.

(3.) The place and date of birth.

(4.) Education and degrees, with dates.

(5.) Positions, with dates; the present position being given in italics.

(6.) Temporary and minor positions.

(7.) Honorary degrees and other scientific honors.

(8.) Membership in scientific and learned societies.

(9.) Chief subjects of research; those accomplished being separated by a dash from those in progress.

The undersigned will be under great obligations to those men of science who will send him biographical sketches of themselves, or will secure sketches from those who should be included in the work. These are those who live in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico or Cuba, and who have contributed to the advancement of one of the following sciences: Mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, botany, zoölogy, pathology, physiology, anatomy, anthropology, psychology.

The compiler of the book hopes that any assistance given him to make it as complete and accurate as possible will be at the same time a contribution to the organization of science in America.

J. McKeen Cattell.

Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y., June 2, 1905.

## A DISCLAIMER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The review of my 'Handbook' of Greek and Roman Sculpture' in the *Nation* of May 25 contains the following statement: "It is doubtful, however, if the mantle of charity can cover his occasional reflections upon the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, an institution to which he, in common with all students of ancient art in New England (not to say in the United States), is deeply indebted." Since your reviewer does not specify, those who do not know me may believe me to be ungrateful, while some of those who are familiar with my work may believe that whatever

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"reflections" I have made are justified, in spite of the disapproval of your reviewer. The remark, therefore, appears to me to be unfair, both to the Boston Museum and to me.

I have referred in my book to the Boston Museum in two ways: in discussing those of its marbles of which I publish reproductions, and in citing statements of its Official Catalogue of Casts.

In discussing its marbles, I have treated the Boston Museum, like all other museums, in accordance with a principle stated in the preface: "Much attention has been given to accurate statements of the provenience and the restorations of the monuments, and with unfailing persistence the neglect of museum authorities to publish them has been noted." When I, therefore, remark that no information concerning a Boston statue has been published, I do not make a "reflection" in the implied sense of your reviewer, but state a fact, the existence of which I, for one, sincerely regret. Would any one thank me for keeping silent in so weighty a matter because I am in many ways indebted to the Boston Museum?

My references to the Official Catalogue of Casts follow another principle stated in the preface: "The author has refrained as much as possible from refuting erroneous views. Only when such views have gained currency in popular books has he felt obliged to attack them and to show their errors." The Boston Catalogue, which I characterize in the Bibliography as "conveniently arranged, . . . very valuable; the Boston Museum contains one of the best selected collections of casts to be found anywhere," is one of the most popular books on the subject. I have, therefore, felt obliged to discuss the views of this Catalogue whenever I have come to different conclusions from those advanced there. Should the writer of a book refrain from pointing out mistakes in an earlier work merely because the previous author is his personal friend, and the work the Official Catalogue of an institution which for years has been most generous in affording him facilities for teaching and studying?

EDMUND VON MACH.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 28, 1905.

[We call Dr. von Mach's attention, *exempli gratia*, to the upper part of page 64 and the notes at the foot of the same page. If these remarks were not intended as "reflections," we beg Dr. von Mach's pardon for misunderstanding him.—ED. NATION.]

## TROLLOPE AND THE OSLER TREATMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the general discussion of Dr. Osler's humorous suggestion for the better treatment of sexagenarians, frequent reference has been made to Trollope's novel, 'The Fixed Period.' It is, perhaps, not without interest to note that the subject was treated many years before Trollope, in a play called "The Old Law," by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley. Charles Lamb, with his usual sweet exaggeration, says: "There is an exquisiteness of moral sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight, and a poetical strangeness in all the improbable circumstances of this wild play." Leaving the curious to find out for themselves how far Lamb's enthusiasm is justified, I may simply mention that the old law, on which the play is supposed to be founded, reads as follows: "That all men living in our dominions of Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of fourscore, or women to the age of threescore, . . . shall on the same day be instantly put to death."

Near the close of Trollope's 'Autobiography' we read:

"Of late years, putting aside the Latin classics, I have found my greatest pleasure in our old English dramatists—not from any excessive love of their work, which often irritates me by its want of truth to nature, even while it shames me by its language—but from curiosity in searching their plots and examining their characters. If I live a few years longer, I shall, I think, leave, in my copies of these dramatists, down to the close of James I., written criticisms on every play."

As 'The Fixed Period' was written some time after the 'Autobiography,' this passage gives strong grounds for supposing that Trollope wrote his novel with "The Old Law" in mind.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., May 31, 1905.

# Notes.

'The Journey of Alvarez Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, from Florida to the Pacific, 1528-36,' translated by Mrs. Fanny Bandelier after careful collation of the earliest original Spanish editions, and edited with an introduction by Ad. F. Bandelier, will shortly appear in the "Trail-Makers Library" published by A. S. Barnes & Co. There will be added the report of Father Macos of Nizza, the first explorer of New Mexico in a journey coming between Cabeza de Vaca's and Coronado's. A map will show the probable route of both explorers.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in the autumn 'The Chief Poets of America,' in entire specimens, compiled by Curtis Hidden Page for use in the secondary and higher education.

Thomas Whittaker will shortly issue 'The Life, Work, and Letters of the Rev. Dr. Alfred Momerie,' edited by his wife.

Macmillan Company have nearly ready 'G. F. Watts: Reminiscences,' by Mrs. Russell Barrington.

'Routledge's Miniature French-English Dictionary' (New York: Dutton) is for the most part a handy one-line vocabulary, concluding with the usual lists of towns and countries and of irregular verbs. Its conversational use is emphasized by its admission of slang (indicated by quotation-marks). A few abbreviations are entered—N. S. J.-C., s. g. d. g. The date of compilation is not mentioned, but appears to be negatively fixed by the omission of *automobile*, and by the definitions of *chauffeur* and *garage*, in which the new machine is not hinted at.

From the same source emanate slightly larger yet still pocket-size volumes, Anson's 'Who Wrote That?' and Lapham's 'Who Said That?' The former is a tiny dictionary of familiar quotations, chiefly in verse, with index; and "aims at including all the quotations in common use which owe their origin to literary sources." In this it is more successful than might be supposed; but Mr. Anson's complacency in the novelty of his *index verborum* is amusing. As in other respects, Mr. Bartlett has been before him. The arrangement is strictly alphabetical, presupposing recollection of the initial word, even a particle. The compiler of the prose 'Who Said That?' sometimes introduces the original lingo of foreign quotations, as well as the translation, sometimes the translation alone. His cross-references are thus numerous, and he, too, has an index.

Mr. Frank Preston Stearns's 'Cambridge Sketches' (Lippincott) intimates in the preface sufficient immediate acquaintance with the subject described to warrant the book-making. Often, however, as in the case of Lowell, the personal contribution is of the meagrest; nor is there any graphic portraiture between these covers. There is far more attempt to criticise talent and works, and here one enjoys to the full Mr. Stearns's fondness for general and sweeping statements. Thus (apropos of Dr. Holmes), "Nature commonly sets her own stamp on the face of a humorist. The long pointed nose of Cervantes is indicative of immeasurable fun" (p. 152); and (p. 366): "[Crawford was] not only the best of American sculptors, but perhaps the greatest sculptor of the nineteenth century." Mr. Stearns's overpraise of C. P. Cranch's poetry exemplifies his slight qualification for the critical office. His anecdotes and, indeed, all his statements—so loose is his memory or his learning—must be severely scrutinized before being accepted. He says, on page 157, that "in 1867 Dr. Holmes published a volume of poetry which was generally well received, but was criticised by the *Nation* with needless and unmerciful severity." But Dr. Holmes published no volume of poetry from 1861 to 1875. It was his novel, 'The Guardian Angel,' which we criticised—and it has fallen into oblivion. We have sought in vain to discover the name of the writer of the review, but if Mr. Stearns will give it to us, we will tell him whether it was the "Harvard professor who owned a large interest in the *Nation*," and is mentioned with a slurring insinuation by Mr. Stearns. The book is not without interest, but it is decidedly untrustworthy. The proofreader gives us "low-studied" room on page 142; "Palma Vecio" on page 137; "un gran' disgrazie" on page 99.

The dedication exercises, a year ago, in connection with the installation of the John Carter Brown Library in its new building on the grounds of Brown University, have been printed in a dignified form at the Merrymount Press, Boston. The contents consist of the provisions of the will of the late John Nicholas Brown which made the foundation, and of the addresses of Dr. William Vail Kellen and Dr. Frederick Jackson Turner. From these together one obtains a summary history of the origin and nature of this great library of Americana and of the family which got it together, with personal anecdotes of John Carter Brown and of the auction-room. It was Dr. Turner's task to lay stress on the importance of the collection to students. His most significant remark was that "it is a striking criticism upon the American universities that the greatest historical work [in this country]

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has been done by men outside of their walls, who either had independent fortunes or found support in some public appointment."

Why a globe-trotter—Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., K.C.V.O., C.B., LL.D., Sergeant-Surgeon to H. M. the King, etc.—should call his journal 'The Other Side of the Lantern' (Cassell & Co.) is difficult to discover till the reader, having finished the book, which does not take long, turns to the preface and learns that the children in a Japanese village are walking around a lantern to see what is on the other side, and that "a like curiosity has led to the writing of this trivial book." The connection is not apparent. It is excusable to see the other side of the lantern, but inexcusable to write such an account of it as is given in this description of a "commonplace tour round the world." The book is both trivial and ordinary, pictures and all, and so badly put together that the reader is danced from Tokyo to Washington and back again with no reason except that "there is little in common between" the two. Sir Frederick was "electrified" by Mr. Roosevelt, who "burst into the room" to see him. The traveller says here, with as much originality as he displays anywhere, that "when Mr. Roosevelt smiles, there can remain no doubt in the mind of any one that he is smiling." The book is, of course, inaccurate—Jeypore (save the mark) is described as "dustless"! But what is to be expected of a guide-book and diary in mixed doses? However, there is no great sin in writing such stuff, and those who like the commonplace may enjoy this book.

General Abbot's 'Problems of the Panama Canal' (The Macmillan Co.) contains more exhaustive discussions of the climatology of the Isthmus and the flow of the Chagres River than have heretofore appeared in the English language, these being largely obtained from the records of the French Commission. It is greatly to be regretted that the valuable data collected by our recent Isthmian Canal Commission, and submitted to Congress as appendices to its report, have never been published. This matter will, of course, be available for the use of the Board of Consulting Engineers which is to be formed to assist the present Canal Commission in its scientific work. During the past week Gen. Abbot has been appointed one of the members of this Board.

The Second Part of M. A. Foucher's 'Études sur l'Iconographie Bouddhique de l'Inde' (Paris: Ernest Leroux) complements the *première étude* (already noticed by us among the books of 1900 on India) by giving the rules for iconographic expression according to the Sâdhanas, on which a good deal of work has been done lately by Grünwedel, Thomas, and S. Oldenbourg. The author finds that the Tantric divinities (devils) came to expression in figurines only after the Buddhas and Bodhissattvas had had their day. Yet it would be inexact to affirm that for this reason the Tantric divinities did not exist long before art represented them. All we can say is, that they were feared and honored even before Buddha's own age; but they did not play a prominent rôle in Buddhism. We must, then, give up the *commode théorie du Bouddhisme en trois périodes*, etc.; all of which goes to show that the more carefully we read history, the more clearly we perceive that men have not changed much in three thousand years. Beneath the upper intellectual crust there were always those who worshipped by choice at the shrine of a handy devil rather than in the church of a remote divinity, less likely to respond to human passions.

The same general editor publishes this year in the "Annales du Musée Guimet" the first volume of a monograph by Sylvain Lévi, entitled "Le Népal; Étude historique d'un royaume hindou.' The author makes a slight error at the beginning of his work in saying that only three countries about (not within) India have preserved the memory of their past in historical documents, Ceylon, Kashmere, and Nepal. Assam should have been added, more especially as there is a curious philological connection between Kashmere and Assam. The latter has records going back to the age of Bhagadatta. The present volume contains, besides a general introduction and maps, a geographical description of the country; a discussion of the documents (European, Chinese, Tibetan, and Nepalese); the modern organization, as contrasted with the ancient organization, of the State (political, religious, economic); and a special chapter on the divinities, imported and local. In giving Khasas as the Hindu designation of the tribes to the north, the author might have added the important fact that both Jain tradition and the Hindu epic recognize the modern name of the country, Nepala. Generally speaking, Khasas are our modern Gurkhas, and their history forms one of the most interesting parts of this valuable work, the second volume of which will be looked for with eagerness, despite the fact that the author has not stated what it is to contain.

Bulletin No. 9 of the Copyright Office at Washington is a sort of mirror of our national lagging in doing justice to intellectual producers. It consists of "The Provisions of the United States Copyright Laws, with a summary of some parallel provisions of the copyright laws of Foreign Countries"—enough to show wherein our statutes are defective and call for improvement. The arrangement is in parallel columns. The topics are: Who may obtain copyright; Subject-matter thereof; Duration, or term of protection; Nature and extent; Statutory formalities; Office of registration; Protection of copyright; International relations. Mr. Solberg has not omitted an index.

Some innovations arrest attention in the 34th annual report of the Public Library of Grand Rapids, Mich. Cards on any subject are furnished at a cent apiece (plus postage by mail), "to enable a business or professional man to have a card catalogue in his office or his home on the subjects in which he is most interested," keeping abreast of new publications and in turn revealing its deficiencies to the Library. This privilege is open to any one wherever resident. The Library also indexes its cardholders by street and house-number, thus securing an intellectual chart of the city, and, in conjunction with the Board of Health, enabling itself to withhold its circulation from infected quarters. Finally, it has induced the street-railway company to carry its name on their cars.

Sir Frank Younghusband's story of the Tibet Mission, told in the *Geographical Journal* for May, is most interesting, both for its subject and the numerous personal touches which enliven it. The beauty and fertility of the country traversed, when the mountains were crossed, impressed and surprised him, as he had thought it barren and uncultivated, and not, as it proved to be, a land whose many valleys were dotted all over with flourishing hamlets and groves of poplar, walnut, and even peach and apricot trees. Of the mental calibre of the leading lamas he formed a low estimate; the Regent, who held the chair of divinity in the Gaden monastery, being distinctly inferior in intellectual power and spirituality to the ordinary Indian Brahmin. During the stay in Lhasa, arrangements were made for an expedition to trace the course of the Tsangpo, the great river of Tibet, through the Himalayas, among the most interesting enterprises left to be accomplished on the face of the globe. The consent of the lamas was given, and the party was formed, to be met by another body of explorers from the outlet in Assam, but at the last moment orders came from Simla to abandon the undertaking. In the discussion over the address, Sir Henry Howorth dwelt upon the strange influence of Buddhism on those extraordinary nomads, the Mongols, who a few centuries ago overwhelmed the civilization of all but Western Europe, but now are apparently the most helpless people on earth. At this moment two-thirds of the race live in monasteries. Among the other contents are accounts of an exploration in Bolivia, and a missionary trip in North China, in the course of which a city, Pa-ko, was visited which had a single business street, lined with shops and full of traffic, seven English miles long.

*Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number three, opens with a description of the volcanoes of Iceland, by Prof. Th. Thoroddsen. His purpose is to show the close relations which they all, both great and small, bear to the fisures in the earth's surface, for these are here more clearly manifested than in any other region in the world. Arno Senfft, an official in the Caroline Islands, contributes an interesting account of the natives on two of the group, dwelling particularly on their racial characteristics and industries. Other articles are a sketch of the cartography of Norway, with a descriptive list of the most important maps and charts, and some facts about the "traffic-belt" of Berlin and Vienna. The difference in the facilities of intercourse with the surrounding country between the two capitals is very marked. In Berlin a strip 75 miles wide can be reached in two hours and less, in Vienna only 62 miles. The two to five-hour limit is 181 miles to 125, and the five to ten-hour limit is 312 and 250 miles respectively. The accompanying maps show that the rapid-transit area of Berlin is almost wholly to the west and south of the city, and that of Vienna to the east and north.

Mr. Raymond Weeks, author of a series of articles, not yet completed, on the newly discovered unique manuscript of the 'Chançun de Willame,' in the quarterly *Modern Philology*, presents a shorter account of it in the April number of the *Library*. This old *chanson de geste* has not been entirely unknown, the latter part of it forming the "Aliscans"; but the new discovery is of great importance as being a much older version, representing the poem as it was sung about the time of the Norman conquest of England, since when the manuscript has seemingly remained buried in various English libraries. It was sold in

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May, 1901, with the library of the late Sir Hope Edwardes, but its previous history is as yet unknown. Its present owner, who chooses to remain anonymous, has issued a beautifully printed edition from the Chiswick Press, mainly for presentation; a few copies, however, were placed for sale with J. & J. Leighton. "When the text of the 'Willame' has received the sure and safe corrections which modern philology allows, it will remain for posterity the most primitive, the most human, and the most beautiful of the many *chansons de geste* of ancient France."

The Journal (*Meddelanden*) of the General Association of Swedish Printers, begun as a medium of communication between the members, has more and more taken on the character of a journal of the book-arts. The first two monthly numbers of the present (tenth) volume contain several articles of interest to librarians and bibliographers, as well as to printers, *e. g.*, a couple of papers on ex-libris, by Dr. R. Geete and Dr. I. Collijn, the latter accompanied by finely reproduced facsimiles; and a short article on Shaksperean quartos and folios, apropos of the 1594 edition of "Titus Andronicus," by Evald Ljunggren. The January number contains a proposal, from Mr. C. F. Bernström, for the establishment of an historical collection of Swedish printing, as a department of the Book Industry Museum which the Association maintains. The proposal was accompanied by a gift of 54 works printed between the years 1615 and 1853, 30 of which are productions of Stockholm presses, and 11 of provincial presses in Sweden proper, while 13 are from six Swedish presses in Åbo in Finland.

—The June *Century* is so largely occupied with civil-war topics as to recall its great war era of twenty years ago. Most amusing, if not most valuable, is a reminiscent paper on Jubal Early, by some unnamed soldier of his command. "Old Jube" was a queer fish, with a bewhiskered face suggestive of a very hairy and very malignant spider, his over-long legs and over-short stirrups bringing his nose and his knees into close proximity, the stars of his shabby uniform too tarnished to be clearly distinguished, his knees and elbows flapping as he bobbed up and down past the lines on a nag thoroughly in harmony with his own makeup; in general effect "more like an animated scarecrow than the commanding-general of an army." Thomas M. Semmes contributes his recollections of "Stonewall" Jackson as a teacher in the Virginia Military Institute. A paper on "Boys in the Union Army" gives incidentally a list of nearly one hundred names of officers contributing to the *Century* war papers of 1884-1888 who have died during the years intervening. From other statistics furnished in the same paper one learns that the survivors of the civil war came out of the conflict with their expectation of life increased, on the whole, rather than diminished. The official death records of the Grand Army for twenty years past show a death-rate under the normal, Indeed, among the pensioners exclusively, the death-rate has been but slightly above the normal average. Gilbert H. Grosvenor gives a description of the various activities of the Weather Bureau, incidentally defending our much-dreaded cold waves as a prime cause of the keen, alert mind, the incessant energy, of our American race.

—In *Harper's*, President Hadley offers a new suggestion on the problem of the elective system. Taking it as practically indisputable that the present method cannot secure the best results, except for a very small proportion of the student body, he suggests that the way out lies in the recognition of a few fundamental differences in types of mind with which the college has to deal. One boy is interested chiefly in facts, another in ideas, and a third in affairs, giving us respectively the scientific, the literary, and the administrative types of mind. Under one of these three headings, he thinks, almost every normal student can be ranged. It does not follow, however, that the college should group its studies accordingly and assign each student to his apparently appropriate group. It is not a question of different subjects, but of different ways of getting at a subject. One boy gets at his studies from the standpoint of the scientific investigator, a second from that of the literary expositor, and a third from that of the practical administrator. The teacher, then, should extend and differentiate his teaching to meet the needs of all three types, a task which Dr. Hadley does not regard as seriously difficult in most branches of study, and which, if successfully performed, must result in a very desirable broadening of outlook for both teacher and student. Professor Lounsbury writes on the Standard of Usage, defining the well-known dictum of Horace more narrowly by the *consensus eruditorum* of Quintilian, and repudiating the charge that those who reject the authority of the text-books and dictionaries thereby set up "the man in the street" as the proper standard. The Easy Chair takes its turn at Dr. Osler, a subject apparently as contagious among the more mature portion of the race as the measles among those of tenderer years. To the data already accumulated, we may add Quintilian's opinion that the oratory of Cicero, who died at sixty-three, might have been even better than it was if only he had lived longer.

—In a series of selections from the letters and diaries of the daughters of Edward Everett, during his occupancy of the English mission, *Scribner's* offers an enjoyable picture of English court society from the delightfully irresponsible point of view of a girl in her teens, as the elder daughter was obliged to leave London on account of ill-health and the extracts are mostly from the pen of her younger sister. If Miss Charlotte took any interest in the political problems of her father's mission, she at least did not obtrude it upon her relatives or confide it to her diary. The gayeties of the social whirl, with the intellectual pleasures of converse with such men as Macaulay, Rogers, and Sydney Smith (to the time of his death), are the chief matters of record. Minister Everett's dress for the Queen's ball is elaborately described in a letter to her grandfather, with the accompanying comment, "You may guess the cost of all this finery. Mamma says this little chit of a Queen will be the ruin of us." After Polk's election had resulted in Mr. Everett's recall, we get the following comment from the diary, written apparently after the vessel had started on the homeward voyage: "I cannot express how unhappy I felt at leaving dear England. I am not going home; I am quitting it forever, I fear." We get another phase of England, and a very attractive one, of course, in "A Day among the Quantock Hills," from the pen of Henry van Dyke. In the "Field of Art," Will H. Low comments very favorably on the exhibit of American artists at the St. Louis Exposition. From the Paris Exhibition of 1878, he thinks, "there has been evidence of steady and satisfactory progress, culminating at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in a definite expressional achievement second to the exhibit of no other nation."

—The fame which Florence Nightingale enjoys is double. Popularly, she is Longfellow's Lady with the Lamp, a tender nurse by night as well as day, whose passing shadow the suffering soldier kissed as it fell upon his pillow. To the student she stands a pioneer administratrix of a very high type. From causes not necessary to discuss here, the hospitals subsidiary to the Crimean army of 1854 were in a most deplorable state. When the British War Office realized that, the secretary invited Miss Nightingale to organize and lead to Scutari the first detachment of female nurses, a service she promptly accepted. She was not previously in public life, but it was Mr. Herbert's good fortune to know her character and qualifications. This happy assignment, accepted through patriotism and discharged with self-sacrifice, enabled her genius for organization to develop for her country's good. The dual control, between medical and line officers, of the British military hospitals (which still persists, to their apparent disadvantage) was doubtless responsible for some of the distress; the difficulty of adapting to the needs of a multitude rules designed for the management of a few caused more; but, above all, the absolute lack of official supplies, whose regulation allowance at best was meagre, resulted in a state of absolute and unnecessary misery. Arriving on the heels of Inkerman, with "every inch of room" in the hospitals, whose capacity was rated at thousands, filled with sufferers, and many men resting "on the muddy ground outside," she at once began the methodical distribution of stores, infused the courage of common sense in subordinates who had been trammelled by the letter of the law, and detailed her working staff, all too few for such a multitude, to the relief of immediate suffering. There must have been some friction, but there is no sign of it in the 'Life' by Miss Sarah A. Tooley (Macmillan), which is the occasion of this note, and presently the judgment of all concerned saw in Miss Nightingale more than a mere Lady Bountiful—a real genius, whose earlier training bore ample fruit, and whose character guaranteed that the lavish supplies poured into her hands would be judiciously expended. That she was of gentle birth and independent means doubtless made the way much easier, for with none are such aids as persuasive as with the English, while the charms of personal beauty and discretion tell for their possessors all the world over. Her great work was at Scutari, where it would be most effective; but she visited the lines before Sebastopol toward and after the close of the siege. Her subsequent career, while less conspicuous, has been useful and influential in the highest degree, and in her

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eighty-fifth year, long indeed an invalid, she survives—to every one who loves his fellow-man, a saint, none the less actual for being still uncanonized.

—Professor Santayana of Harvard puts forth the first two little volumes of five to be entitled "The Life of Reason, or the Phases of Human Progress" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The first volume is entitled 'Introduction, and Reason in Common Sense,' the second 'Reason in Society.' Reason in Religion, Art, and Science respectively are promised. The publishers' advertisement called the philosophy pragmatistic, and it is true that the first part of the first chapter and some other passages have that aroma; but the author more accurately describes himself when he says that "almost every school can furnish something useful." It is, in fact, an eclectic philosophy, and, like other works of that sort, is likely to have more literary than scientific value. Book A of Aristotle's Metaphysics (the theistic book) has had more influence upon this mosaic of opinions than any other one work. Professor Santayana's style is highly polished, in parts too much so; so that we are bewildered and fatigued by a shimmer of rapidly passing thoughts that are hard to make out through a medium more glittering than lucid. He is so extravagant an admirer of Greek reasonableness that we have sometimes asked ourselves whether he hadn't a deep design of producing in his writing a general effect of Greek; although nobody can be more perfectly aware than Professor Santayana that on a closer inspection every feature of his style is at the very antipodes of Greece—as far from it as one could possibly get. Professor Santayana's volumes are anything but commonplace. They are all that Boston has of most *précieux*. They are also extremely handy and agreeable to the eyes.

—In 'The Chronicles of an Old Campaigner' (Dutton) Col. Walter C. Horsley has translated a volume of memoirs which, after enjoying considerable repute in the eighteenth century, has been suffered of late to disappear from view. The author, M. de la Colonie, was a dragoon officer in the service of the Elector of Bavaria during the years when the court of Munich was deriving its political inspiration from Versailles. His reminiscences are almost wholly devoted to the wars of the period, and reflect the state of feeling which prevailed in South Germany when Marlborough and Prince Eugene made their famous march to the banks of the Danube. M. de la Colonie was not actually present at the battle of Blenheim, but he served during that campaign, besides being present at Ramillies and Malplaquet. He also took an active part in the Turkish war of 1717, when Prince Eugene foiled the last attempt of the Ottoman to reach Vienna. It was in the operations around Belgrade that M. de la Colonie gained his chief distinction, but the most interesting part of his story relates to the Blenheim campaign. His chief characteristic as a critic is moderation of tone and sympathy with the unfortunate, but he cannot understand why Tallard, when he had decided to leave his entrenchments, did not use the 15,000 Bavarian troops that were at his disposal. Eloquent testimony is given to the quickness of Marlborough's movements by the effect they had on the enemy. So completely did he take Tallard by surprise that, when he began his attack on the French position, a considerable part of the French army was dispersed in the form of foraging parties. What pleased the English and Imperialists most was that they should have captured twenty-seven battalions and twelve squadrons simply by hemming them in; nor can there be any doubt regarding the failure of the French to make the best of a bad business. This book contains little information regarding politics or society, but certainly deserves to be known by all who care to study warfare as an art.

## ART ESSAYS BY KENYON COX.

*Old Masters and New.* By Kenyon Cox. Fox, Duffield & Co. 1905.

Visitors to Europe who care for the art either of yesterday or of three hundred years ago, would do well to put into their trunks, or, better, their handbags, Mr. Kenyon Cox's collection of essays and reviews with the above title. Readers of the *Nation* will find some of them familiar but none the less re-readable. Much that he says, if (as he himself notes) not always particularly new, is vital, and is stated clearly, tersely, often incisively, and with the authority of a practising artist. It is perhaps this *authority* which is peculiarly valuable to his reader, backed as it is by a fearlessness that does not for a moment hesitate to call a spade a spade, even if, in the hands of a Titian or a Tintoretto, it may appear to the half-initiated an enchanter's wand. The great artist really does bear a magic staff, and its waving clothes all that his name stands for with a glamour so effective that, within its influence, his devotee sometimes mistakes bad for good, and lumps failure with achievement. To the layman such a state of mind is probably healthier than a too critical one, for, if he be not somewhat dazzled by the splendor of a great master, he has not wholly enjoyed him. Nevertheless, when the tourist says of a canvas, *quia* a Titian, "What splendidly glowing color!" (we quote textually an instance known to us), it is well sometimes to have an artist at elbow to say, "Instead of proceeding by acquired momentum, wait a bit and look at the canvas; these colors are cold and inharmonious, the result of overpainting done long after Titian was dead." Mr. Cox is this artist at one's elbow; and if he thus corrects our hasty mistakes, he also combats, now and again, a deliberately acquired opinion, fortifying his own by a trained and often peculiarly keen observation, and never forgetting that if documentary testimony is sometimes invaluable and study of an artist's environment is nearly as important, consideration of the work in hand—looking at the canvas or fresco—is worth all the rest.

Our author's space is relatively limited, and as historian he summarizes, giving nearly all his time to criticism, as the reader would wish to have him. Critically, too, he summarizes the qualities of the painter studied, ordering his exposition carefully, and covering the different sides of his subject's artistic expression with gratifying comprehensiveness. He does not, however, permit this regularity of plan to hinder emphasis of the salient; when he assumes his personal point of view, it is without hesitation. Thus, he sees in Rubens, for example, a classic rather than a romantic painter; and when he agrees with the opinions of others he just as unhesitatingly reaffirms them—as of Michel, for instance, regarding the same painter's method and ponderation, which, superficially considered, seem so converse to his apparent *entraînement* and real *fougue*. Mr. Cox notes the great Fleming's faults and virtues as not Flemish, but European and *seicento*, and finds cleverly qualifying epithets, such as the "flourishing and writing-masterly style" of Rubens's drawings, and pays deserved tribute to this pioneer of landscape painting.

In the Frans Hals article Mr. Cox corrects the loose-thinking admiration of loose handling, and shows that it is not looseness, which is easy, but right placing and shaping of the loose stroke, which deserves such admiration; and he prophesies the eventual discovery of canvases which shall show the steps that led Hals to his unerring brushwork. He frankly disavows the presence of beauty in some of Rembrandt's most famous figures, yet emphasizes their adornment of a beautiful result; he condenses Fromentin's estimate as "the truest word of criticism" uttered, and, on his own account, puts tersely and excellently the reasons for Rembrandt's sharing in his old age the lot of the prophet in his own country. In sum, he qualifies wisely, yet sees in the work of the wonderful Dutchman the expression of "one of the greatest and most profoundly original minds in the world's history."

When he approaches the modern artists, Mr. Cox enters a less-trodden field, but treads it as firmly. He puts Meissonier's minuteness of detail in the background (or at least the middle ground) rather than the foreground of his achievement, thus again usefully stimulating the thought of the average observer, and gives a well-stated explanation of why the "1807," full as it is of Meissonier's best qualities, is a failure. He praises his masters with discrimination, but Baudry he *loves* among moderns, as Veronese among the men of the Renaissance; perhaps he overpraises a little Baudry's earlier works, yet the article is a timely tribute to the great and not sufficiently known Frenchman. The lover of Baudry is heartily appreciative of the genius of Puvis, and in the successive articles upon these two painters he impartially follows the gamut of decorative painting in the nineteenth century's latter half. Perhaps the best article in the book is that on Whistler. In this admirable essay the exposition of a man's technique and technical development is the most direct and sustained which we remember since Fromentin wrote his 'Maîtres d'autrefois,' and is all the more illuminating in that Mr. Cox shows that it is hardly a technique at all, in the generally accepted sense, but rather the development of a state of mind regardless of whatever else might be; the development of a sort of caress which smoothed out of nature everything that did not minister to Whistler's inclination; the development almost of a *mood*. The reader may be commended to the juxtaposition of Whistler, Sargent, and Velasquez upon page 244, and, above all, the paragraph on page 245, beginning "How far the absence" and ending with "He lacks the first essential ability, the ability to desire." These are golden words; and Mr. Cox gives us such

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exposition as we hope for when a practising artist writes, and which is peculiarly valuable since it is the result of peculiar competence. The essays upon Veronese, who, we repeat, is *persona gratissima* to the author, and Sargent may be ranked with the Whistler article for their exposition of draughtsmanship in the American and composition in the Italian painter.

Assuredly Mr. Cox throughout his book occupies the position of one who, while holding the pen, does not lay down the palette; and for this we distinctly thank him. Perhaps such close following of a man's methods may be too technical for the lay reader; it may not hold his attention but it ought to hold it; and if he will confront his memories of the text with the canvas or panel, he will find that his admiration and doubts have been in some measure explained, and his capacity for intelligent appreciation increased. In sum, where Mr. Cox speaks as an artist (and he nearly always does), it is not easy to take issue with him, for he knows remarkably well what he is talking about. Now and then one may disagree with him about other matters—for instance Perugino's irreligion is not finally settled for us by Vasari's dictum, though of his commerciality there is no doubt. Again, though every word which Mr. Cox says against Tintoretto's canvases in the School of San Rocco is true, we believe that, despite their faults, a much better case may be made out for them than the author admits. Nor, again, has he accounted satisfactorily, to us at least, for the wonderful charm of Albert Dürer's work, especially his engraved work; but then neither has Thausing or Ephrussi or anybody else, and perhaps Mr. Cox has summed up the impression of Dürer as well as any one has in the last sentence of his article. We should like to have him write another and longer book with a little more background to his admirable foreground; meantime, let us once again bid those who enjoy the art of yesterday and to-day read 'Old Masters and New.'

## A SYMPOSIUM ON RUSSIA.

*The Case of Russia*: A Composite View. By Alfred Rambaud, Vladimir G. Simkovitch, J. Novicow, Peter Roberts, and Isaac A. Hourwich. Fox, Duffield & Co. 1905.

As a general rule, "timely" books are not very safe risks. If they are just a little overripe, they are apt to prove untimely by the date of publication. In the present case each of the component articles was originally intended to cover a subject in a definitive manner, with no thought that it would be pressed into service a second time, in company with matter which repeats or contradicts it in a tone of equal authority, and at a date when rapid changes have, in great measure, altered many important features prominently dwelt upon. M. Rambaud's contribution, which fills nearly half the book, and is called "The Expansion of Russia," is by far the most interesting and valuable of the lot. Beginning with the sentence: "We fail to discover, however far back we go towards the beginnings of the Russian State, any indication that this was ever destined to become a maritime power," and ending with: "She [Russia] is about to inaugurate a new era in her history; the oceanic, the world-wide era, is merely beginning for the Slav," he sets forth clearly, succinctly, temperately, and, in the main, with perfect justice, the vital facts in Russia's history. The portion which deals with the early and more complicated history is more dry and difficult of assimilation (because of the necessary brevity) than the corresponding portion of his well-known 'History'; but he keeps well in view his guiding thought, and from time to time calls attention to it, as he passes the different epochs, by such paragraphs as the following (which refers to the end of the sixteenth century):

"Now the European neighbors of Russia were beginning to fear this great barbarian empire. They were convinced that it would become truly a terror to them on the day which [*sic*], by obtaining regular communication with the West, it could thereby learn something of their civilization, their industries, and, above all, their military art. They understood that the backward condition of its civilization was the only safeguard against its ambitions. . . . Thus is was not merely unpropitious nature that kept Russia in a condition of blockade; but the jealousy of her neighbors mounted a most rigorous guard around these 'barbarians' of the north."

M. Rambaud also shows that the securing of new territory has concerned Russia much less than has the securing of access to the open, ice-free sea. Nevertheless, he devotes one chapter to "The Expansion of Russia in Europe," author to "The Southward Expansion of Russia in Asia" (in which he admits that Russians understand things Asiatic far better than either the French or Anglo-Saxons, and "have every possible right to supplant those colonies of the Germanic and the Latin races that are taking unwilling Asia under their tutelage"), besides others on "Further Conquests," "The Expansion of Russia in the Far East," "Corea," "China," and "The Means and Methods of Russian Expansion." A good deal of what is said in the last-named chapter as to Russia might, with equal justness and a mere change of names, be applied to England or any other of the colonizing nations of the earth. There is no definite statement as to the date when M. Rambaud wrote these pages; but it was evidently three or four years ago, before the mutterings of the present storm in the Far East began to be noticed, and matters more recent than those of 1898-1900 at latest are not considered. Here, as throughout the book, the proof-reading is inadequate, and the translation is not always quite what it should be, as one of the quotations above given shows.

Nearly one-quarter of the volume is devoted to "The Russian People: A Psychological Study," written in 1901, by Mr. J. Novicow of Odessa. He is often more severe on his fellow-countrymen than they quite deserve; but he is always absorbingly interesting, even when the greatest allowance must be made, by those who know the other side, for his extreme individualist—almost revolutionary—opinions. Under "Race and Temperament" he draws a comparison between the colonizing movements in Russia and America. "This movement is still going on," he says. "The American 'Far West' has a counterpart in the 'Far East' of Siberia. But while the Aryans of America have almost exterminated the autochthonous population of the Redskins, the Russian emigrants have commingled with the ancient autochthonous populations of eastern Russia." From the mixed race thus produced (as well as by previous interminglings he has described), he draws the personal opinion (statistics being lacking) that the lymphatic temperament prevails, though the choleric and bilious and every imaginable type are to be encountered in the empire. Inequality of effort is one of the most prominent characteristics in the general Russian psychology, he says, and is the result of historical circumstances. When these circumstances are modified, it will disappear. Under changed conditions, he thinks it probable that Russians will develop as much persistency of effort as Anglo-Saxons, and declares that there are now extant individual proofs that inequality of effort is very far from being a universal fact among cultivated Russians. When it comes to a question of calm, tenacious energy, which overcomes all obstacles, Russian women are much more remarkable, he says, than Russian men; and he thinks that the intellectual emancipation of Russian women is in advance of that of their sex everywhere, except in America, whose women alone will bear comparison with his own countrywomen. On the score of "Sentiment," he asserts that the Russians are among the least cruel peoples of Europe; instancing in proof that no popular sports of a brutal character, such as cockfights, bullfights, even boxing or pugilism, are ever observed among them—much less is lynch law to be met with. As another proof of gentleness of nature he says: "Within the memory of man, there has not been a region of Great Russia which has been permanently infested with brigands. Night and day one may traverse the most lonely road with a sense of perfect security. Crimes are occasionally perpetrated, but only in sporadic and individual cases." And he calls attention to the fact that Russia was first to suppress the death penalty for offences against the common law. A more curious result of the national good nature is that the administration is rather badly run because the chiefs cannot make up their minds to dismiss their subordinates, or even to censure them, in many cases.

The reputation of Russians for cruelty is explained, first, by the fact that, in point of sentiment, as of mental activity, they are very unequal, and, under certain circumstances, entirely lose control of themselves; secondly, on the ground that when it is a question of reasons of state, pity seems to vanish; and, thirdly, by reason of harsh penal legislation having prevailed there longer than in the West. Personally, Mr. Novicow says, he is convinced that not more than three or four thousand persons were sent to Siberia for political crimes during the whole of the nineteenth century, though the figures current in Western belief are infinitely larger. Moreover, generally speaking, he believes that political prisoners experience no worse treatment in Russia than in other countries. Most instructive is the comparison which the author draws between the severity of punishment dealt out to political offenders in Russia and other countries in special cases which can properly be placed in parallel. For instance, when the whole army revolted, on the accession of Nicholas I., in 1825 (chiefly owing to a misunderstanding), in all, five officers only were condemned to death and executed. In

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France, in 1824, four sergeants were executed because they were members of a secret society; while in Spain, in the same year, seven Freemasons were executed simply for having held a meeting; and in 1848 the Austrians executed large numbers of malcontents. Towards the Orthodox Church Mr. Novicow is not very friendly, and many of his statements might be disputed. The chapters on "Politics" and "Present State" are frank and liberal in tendency, but should be read entire. One warning the reader requires about "Politics," namely, the author's (or is it the translator's?) "Panslavism," "Panslavic" stand for what is universally known as Slavophilism. The impression thus conveyed is erroneous and confusing to the last degree.

Mr. V. G. Simkovitch's contribution, "Russian Autocracy: An Interpretation," consists chiefly of citations from a book by the last of the Slavophilists, N. K. Leontyeff, whose opinions are of value mainly as illustrating the extremes indulged in by a few persons of a past generation. Mr. Simkovitch interprets them as the guiding "system" of the present reign (chiefly because Mr. Pobyedonostzeff is procurator of the Holy Synod), and the fundamental causes of the occupation of Mantchuria and of the war in the Far East. His views are pessimistic, presenting a striking contrast to the article on "The Slavs," by the Rev. Peter Roberts of Yale, which follows it. Mr. Roberts seems to be well acquainted with the Slavs in the Pennsylvania mining districts (of whom a majority are not Russians), and, while admitting their defects, he is, on the whole, enthusiastic as to their good qualities and their natural possibilities. His subject, naturally, involves the repetition of many historical and economical statements already considerad by the writers who precede him. In spite of a certain tautological effect, there is a distinct profit to the reader in having the facts thus illuminated from the point of view of several able observers, reinforced by quotations from the Russian authorities who appeal to their several judgments. Indeed, this is one of the greatest merits of the volume. "Religious Sects in Russia," by Mr. Isaac A. Hourwich, fitly closes the collection. It is, practically, written exclusively from the Jewish standpoint, affording a clear presentation of the Russian Hebrew in the very recent past. As the Czar's recent ukase on religious liberty, and the still more recent plans for removing, practically, all restrictions from the Hebrews, have, happily, relegated this statement to an honorable niche in the archives of semi-ancient history, it is not necessary for us to consider it at length.

## MORE BOOKS FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

*The Oxford History of Music.* Vol. V. The Viennese Period. By W. H. Hadow. Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

*The Music of the Masters:* Wagner, by Ernest Newman; Tchaikovski, by E. Markham Lee; Beethoven, by Ernest Walker. Brentano's.

*The Story of the Violin.* By Paul Stoeving. Scribners.

*Text-Book of Simple and Double Counterpoint.* By Dr. Hugo Riemann. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

*Tonal Counterpoint.* By Walter R. Spalding. Arthur P. Schmidt.

*The Musician's Library:* Modern French Songs, edited by Philip Hale; Songs by Thirty Americans, edited by Rupert Hughes; Twenty-four Negro Songs, transcribed by Coleridge-Taylor. Oliver Ditson Co.

The author of the fifth volume of the 'Oxford History of Music,' Mr. W. H. Hadow, is one of the best informed of English writers on musical topics. His two volumes of 'Studies in Modern Music' have passed through several editions, and this latest production of his will increase his fame as one who habitually masters his subject so thoroughly that he can write about it fluently and entertainingly. The period allotted to him is the Viennese; he traces the development of the musical forms separately, and discourses at considerable length on the influence of C. P. E. Bach upon Haydn, the place of folk-song in classical composition, the part played by Gluck in the history of opera, the gradual divergence of symphony, sonata, and quartet, the interrelation of Haydn and Mozart, the character of Beethoven's third period, the debt owed by German song to the national movement in German poetry.

Mr. Hadow draws a vivid picture of the subordinate position held by music before the nineteenth century, when musical compositions were so short-lived that it seemed hardly worth while to print them; when wind instruments and organs were habitually out of tune; when so eminent a violinist as Viotti, summoned to play before Marie Antoinette, after three vain attempts to break the conversation, put up his violin and walked out of the hall; when men like Haydn and Mozart were treated like menials. It was when Mozart, in a white heat of anger at the indignities heaped on him by the Salzburg Archbishop, proffered his resignation that "the *ancien régime* of music signed its death-warrant." Yet even Beethoven was forced to "accept the charity of private subscription" for his important works. It must not be forgotten, however, that Haydn's many years of service in the Esterhazy household bore most valuable fruit because of his isolation from the musical world, and the opportunity he had of hearing the folk-songs with which he saturated his music, thus infusing it with a new strength and vitality:

"Eisenstadt lay near his home, the whole countryside was full of the folk-songs which he had loved from childhood—songs of the ploughman and the reaper, of rustic courtship and village merrymaking. Half unconsciously he began to weave them into the texture of his composition; borrowing here a phrase, there a strain, there an entire melody, and gradually fashioning his own tunes on these models; . . . they find their way into everything—quartets, concertos, divertimenti, even hymns and masses; they renew with fresh and vigorous life an art that appeared to be growing old before its time. . . . And the Austrian Hymn is simple a Croatian ballad which has been ennobled and dignified by the hand of a master."

Gluck belongs to the Viennese period, although the Viennese had no use for him and allowed him to become a Parisian. His failure in London, before he became a reformer in Paris, was modestly interpreted by him afterwards as proof of the superiority of English taste, but Mr. Hadow thinks otherwise: "The English taste of the time was little short of deplorable. Handel told Gluck that he had taken too much trouble, and in this cynical avowal we may perhaps be nearer the truth." Regarding Mozart's operas, Mr. Hadow expresses the opinion that it is a mere historical accident that three of the great ones were set to Italian words, and that the quality of the music would not have been sensibly affected if they had been written to German texts. This is probably true. He might have added an interesting paragraph discussing the strange fact that Mozart's operas, which are commonly classed as Italian, have never interested the Italians as the absolutely un-Italian operas of Wagner have done.

The vast field of oratorio and church music is discussed in a long chapter, which takes the reader also to England, France and Spain, and in the final chapters we return to Vienna in the period of its greatest glory—the period of Beethoven and Schubert. Mr. Hadow compares Beethoven's third period to the second part of Goethe's "Faust," and he declares that the whole scheme of formal structure has passed into a new stage of organic evolution, as different from that of the "Pastoral" or the "Waldstein" as they are different from the earliest quartets and symphonies of Haydn. He recognizes the historical importance of the tiny pieces which Schubert collected under the title of "Moments Musical," as the first pieces in which the direct influence of the sonata is not paramount, and he also casually refers to the fact that "the harmony of Schubert is more varied than that of Beethoven," but does not by any means dwell sufficiently on this very important point, or hint at the extraordinary influence which Schubert's modulatory innovations had on nineteenth-century music.

One of Wagner's German biographers has remarked that "the prayer at the beginning of the fifth act of 'Rienzi' tells us more about the great man than ten volumes of documentary research." Mr. Ernest Newman is not partial to this kind of idolatrous enthusiasm. In his little book on Wagner in Brentano's "Music of the Masters" series, he frankly warns the reader at the outset that he need not expect of him undiscriminating adulation: "Wagner the sociologist, Wagner the historian, Wagner the economist, Wagner the philosopher, almost all might be swept away without the world losing very much. . . . Wagner as a thinker, in short, is receding more and more from the public eye, while for Wagner the musician our admiration is probably greater than ever." In his 'Study of Wagner,' Mr. Newman considered him from every point of view; in these 208 pages he treats of him exclusively as a musician and a dramatist, and does it with a refreshing independence of judgment, and in a manner which shows that even now it is not too late to say something new and interesting about the Bayreuth composer. His life is not told here, but his works are taken up in chronological order, the stories of the operas are briefly outlined, and the poems and music commented on, lucidly and in a spirit indicated by the remarks that "to criticise Wagner is not necessarily to disparage him." In the bibliography to which the last chapter is devoted, Mr. Newman pokes fun at the extraordinary Mr. Ashton Ellis, the English translator of

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Wagner's prose works. "Some one," he says, "might now do the student a real service by translating Mr. Ellis into English."

Mr. Lee's 'Tchaikovski,' like Mr. Newman's book, begins with a convenient chronological table. He gives, on the whole, a somewhat dry analysis of Tchaikovsky's works, useful as a bird's-eye view, but not as valuable as it might have been had use been made of the two fascinating volumes of biography by the composer's brother Modest. It is absurd for Mr. Lee to say that we have been overdosed with the "Pathétique Symphony." He refers to London, where that work is given perhaps half a dozen times a year. Sixty annual performances of such a sublime work would not be half enough in a city of that size. One feels little confidence in a commentator who refers to the heartrending anguish and sublime melancholy of this work as "unhealthy and morbid pessimism," and to the exquisite "Nutcracker" suite as "clever but superficial."

Ernest Walker's 'Beethoven' adds another to the list of books on that master with which, for no obvious reason, the market has lately been flooded after a long drought. It is a good and useful little volume, which discusses the master's different classes of works in separate chapters. The author has the courage to say that "it is comparatively rarely that we meet in Beethoven's songs music that would be worth troubling about were it not for the magic of his name"; and he expresses other opinions which indicate he is a believer in Mr. Newman's maxim that to criticise a composer is not to disparage him. One may take issue with some of his statements, such as that "the ordinary purely diatonic framework gives a depth that chromatic restlessness, however poignant, can never secure"; but on the whole one must admit him to be a sane and safe guide and suggestive withal.

The name of Paul Stoeving and his title as professor of the violin at the Guildhall School of Music inspire one with confidence in his book on that instrument, a confidence fully justified by its contents. He has condensed in its 324 pages a vast amount of information on the origin of the violin, its early forms and varieties, its famous makers in Italy and elsewhere, the "secret" of its varnish, the principal players of both sexes, and the works written for it. Concerning the lady violinist, the author remarks that

> "only with the two sisters Teresa and Maria Milanollo, in the forties of the last century, the charm and poetry of violin-playing woman seems to have fully dawned on the world at large. Since then the increase in amateur and professional violinists has been phenomenal. Madame Norman Neruda (Lady Hallé) set the ball rolling in England, Camilla Urso in America; and around these two stars cluster today a very large wreath of fair executants of all nationalities."

Dr. Riemann defines counterpoint as "the theory of the free invention of melody," and he holds that harmonic figuration, as now taught, is an independent course, coming between harmony and counterpoint. It is from this point of view that he has written his valuable text-book on counterpoint, of which Mr. S. Harrison Lovewell has made a clear translation into English.

The other treatise on counterpoint on our list, by the assistant professor of music at Harvard, is also an admirable text-book from every point of view. It is more practical than the German's, and throws more sidelights on the art of composing. It is very much up-to-date, as the citations from Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Franck, and even Elgar, show. Professor Spalding rightly holds that there should be less difference than there usually is between the counterpoint in books and that in Mozart, Beethoven, or Franz: "There must of necessity be some difference; one is an exercise for the young student, the other the work of mature genius. Nevertheless the difference should be one rather of *degree* than actually of *kind*." It is in this closer approximation to the works of genius that the chief value of Professor Spalding's book lies. The chapter on free writing for pianoforte is particularly good. It explains, among other things, why the old masters must not always be followed in chord-writing, because what was all right on their instruments sounds thick or muddy on our modern grands.

Mr. Philip Hale is a great admirer of French music, including French songs; no other musician in this country is so well informed as he on this topic, or can write of it so eloquently; hence, one can procure his selection of French songs with full confidence. When he declares that Fauré and Debussy have now no rivals as song-writers in any land, he seems to the reviewer as far from the truth as the sun is from the earth; but this assertion is the only flaw in the excellent introduction he has written as a preface to these two volumes of French songs, an essay of lasting value. Mr. Rupert Hughes had a less easy task in making a selection of American songs, because in this field copyright difficulties impede free choice. He has, however, been able to produce a fairly representative list, which includes the names of Paine, De Koven, Fisher, Huss, Nevin, Baltzell, Loomis, Hadley, and twenty-two others. Partly American also are the Negro Melodies transcribed by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor. Half-African himself, he naturally felt in sympathy with the black songs. Four of his selections are from Southeast Africa, two from South Africa, one from West Africa, one from the West Indies, while sixteen are marked as the property of American negroes. In each case the tune is first given in all its bald simplicity, and then elaborated into a pianoforte piece on the plan of *tema con variazioni*. The transcriber declares that he has attempted to do for the negro melodies what "Brahms has done for Hungarian folk music, Dvorák for the Bohemian, and Grieg for the Norwegian." The mention of Brahms in this sentence in place of Liszt is an amusing specimen of English provincialism. It can hardly be said that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has equalled any of his models, even Brahms; his music is not sufficently barbarous, and it utterly lacks inspiration. The volume is prefaced by an interesting biographic sketch and essay on negro music by Booker Washington. When he says that, "apart from the music of the redmen, the negro folk-song is the only distinctively American music," he repeats a current misconception which is equally amusing and amazing. For the seventy millions or so of us who are not Indians or negroes, there is vastly more that is American and prophetic of the future of American music in the works of MacDowell, Loomis, Huss, and others, than in all the Indian and negro tunes.

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*By the Ionian Sea:* Notes of a Ramble in Southern Italy. By George Gissing. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The late George Gissing tells of his journey through Magna Græcia to the sites and remains of the ancient cities of Tarentum, Sybaris, Croton and Locri in a very vivid manner. He gives an excellent idea of the actual condition of the country and its people. Those who are prepared to visit this unfrequented region of Italy will find the book most useful, for the published guides to remote places are rarely up to date. Delightful reading awaits those who have not the opportunity to travel.

This was Gissing's last journey south. Italy and Greece had from early youth been his land of romance, opened to him by early training in Greek and Latin authors. His intellectual desire was to escape life as he knew it, and to call back the imaginary world which those studies had evolved for his boyhood; and his capacity for doing this was truly remarkable. No hardships or discomfort damped his enthusiasm, destroyed his great sympathy with the people he met on the way, however irritating and dull they seemed to be. Even in sickness and suffering, as at Croton, where he was detained sometime by lung trouble, his observations on the people around him are full of knowledge of character and the desire to understand the point of view of others. And yet, there is no gushing admiration for Italian ways in this volume; Gissing's love of antiquity did not in any way dim his perceptions as to the present state of the country.

"In all the south of Italy," he says, "money is the one subject of men's thoughts; intellectual life does not exist; there is little even of what we should call common education. Those who have wealth cling to it fiercely; the majority have neither time nor inclination to occupy themselves with anything but the earning of a livelihood, which for multitudes signifies the bare appeasing of hunger." Further on he writes, despondently: "It is a country wearied and regretful, looking ever back to the things of old, trivial in its latter life, and unable to hope sincerely for the future."

Mr. Gissing seems to have been deeply impressed by the poverty and squalor prevailing in Calabria. The peasants, notwithstanding this, he found remarkably honest and self-respecting. They appear simple and dignified, without that begging for alms which modern travel seems to generate everywhere. Only once do we hear of a case of extortionate charge by an innkeeper at Squillace (the Scylaceum of Cassiodorus). Notwithstanding the monotonous life of the people in the small towns, Gissing was greatly struck by the higher tone and wider interests of middle-class people in the cafés of those little towns, compared to that of folk of the same standing in a county barroom in England, where jocoseness is allied to drink. With great justness he says: "Those people have an innate respect for things of the mind which is wholly lacking to a typical Englishman."

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Gissing's itinerary of travel was suggested by François Lenormant's 'La Grande Grèce.' At Naples he was warned of the dangers that would beset his path; it was late in the autumn, and snow might be expected to fall in the mountainous districts; malarial fever also was common, while the bad accommodation and the probable scarcity of food made it difficult for Neapolitans to understand that the love of antiquity could alone be sufficient reason for so perilous an expedition. Nothing daunted, he took the steamer for Paola, and, by the same road which Hannibal had followed in his retreat from Italy, Gissing drove to Cosenza, meditating on Alaric, who, six hundred years after Hannibal, came the same way, bearing the spoils of Rome which were to enrich his tomb; the labors of the captive multitude turning aside the course of the Busento River so that its flood should hide for all time the conqueror's resting-place. The train then carried him to Sybaris, now merely a railway station; the original city is supposed to lie intact under fifteen feet of alluvial mud, in which the people of Croton buried the city's ruins five hundred years before Christ by altering the course of the Crathis—a fine field for future excavation. From Sybaris he proceeded, again by train, to Taranto, where the new arsenal, the pride of that city, had been built over Fontanella, by the shore of the Mare Piccolo. The ancient heaps of murex shells described by Lenormant (the purple of Tarentum was second in value only to that of Tyre) had forever disappeared.

Besides the innovations of modern requirements, the course of time alone brings changes in the aspect of nature. For instance, of the Galæsus, near Tarentum, the river beloved by Horace, and beside which Virgil is supposed to have written his Eclogues, Gissing writes:

"It is barely half a mile long; it rises amid a bed of great reeds, which quite conceal the water, and flows with an average breadth of some ten feet down to the sea-shore; on either side of it, bare dusty fields, and a few hoary olives."

"Certain it is that all the waters of Magna Græcia have much diminished since classic times, but (unless there have been great local changes due, for example, to an earthquake) this brook had always the same length, and it is hard to think of the Galæsus as so insignificant."

Metapontum, where the ruin of an old temple, called (from a memory of the Saracen war) "Tavola de' Paladini," the Table of the Paladins, was our traveller's next halt, and thence he went to Croton, whose walls, after the fall of Sybaris, encircled twelve miles. There "Pythagoras enjoyed his moment's triumph, ruling men to their own behoof." A school of medicine, the pride of Magna Græcia, flourished here, and the saying, "Healthier than Croton," testifies to the salubrity of the spot. Now, a squalid town, where most of the inhabitants suffer from malarial fever, and which has no vestige of antiquity, exists on part of its site, while the Æsarus, which used to flow through the heart of the city, is all but a stagnant and pestilential stream. Along the banks, at its mouth, grow wide orchards of orange trees, pomegranates, and tamarisks, with here and there magnificent stone-pines, and even a palm tree; but here, too, the traveller unaccustomed to Southern methods of agriculture finds disappointment, for, instead of soft turf, the ground is bare and lumpy, like a ploughed field, so that under the trees there is no place for rest.

To recruit from severe illness endured at Croton under most trying hardships, Gissing went by diligence to Catanzavo on the heights, and describes that place as one of the healthiest spots in Southern Italy, where the children are well fed and are robust and happy, and where the silk industry flourishes and affords prosperity to the inhabitants. Although the rough and unfinished appearance of its houses and public buildings suggested the frequency of earthquakes, Catanzavo is able to boast of a pharmacy quite unique among modern shops, with woodwork copied from the best examples of Italian carving, and a sign ("Mostra") hanging over the entrance—of a griffin—in fine ironwork from an old masterpiece. This pharmacy, kept by two brothers, is almost like an art museum. Here, too, a rare experience in dealing with shops occurred to Gissing. The hospitality and kindliness of the people of Catanzavo seem to be quite a tradition. He tells of being taken round by the English vice-consul, Signor Pasquale Cricelli, and says:

"We entered a shop which he thought might interest me; the salesman during our talk unobtrusively made up a little parcel of goods and asked, at length, whether I would take this with me or have it sent to the hotel. That point I easily decided, but by no persistence could I succeed in paying for the things. Smiling behind his counter, the shopkeeper declined to name a price; Don Pasquale declared that payment under such circumstances was a thing unknown in Catanzavo, and I saw that to say anything more would be to run the risk of offending him."

We have no space to follow our authors to Squillace (Virgil's "shipwrecking Squilacium"), the native place and last retreat of Cassiodorus. Suffice it to say that the book is worth reading from beginning to end, and might serve the advocates of Greek and Latin for *all* as a precious illustration of the uses of ancient literature in imparting true perceptions of beauty which serve as a never-failing refreshment from the eventualities of life. In almost every place visited, Gissing found traces, in the language and traditions, of Greeks, and several groups of peasants from neighboring villages were specially called "Greci."

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*Fetichism in West Africa.* Forty Years' Observation of Native Customs and Superstitions. By the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D., for forty years a missionary in the Gabun District of Kongo-Française, etc. With twelve illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904. Pp. xxii, 389.

Much of the missionary literature of to-day is characterized by a knowledge of ethnic facts and a sympathy with the religious and social expressions of the primitive mind impossible at an earlier epoch. We have had the trader, the Government official, and the missionary *vom Fach* give their ideas as to the "folly" and "superstition" known as fetishism, and there were few of them who, with the author, "did not think it reasonable to dismiss curtly as absurd the cherished sentiments of so large a portion of the human race," or could, for thirty years, in a search for the philosophy of these beliefs and the sentiments underlying them, "always lead the conversation, in hut or camp, back to a study of the native thought." As Mr. Nassau remarks (p. 85), "such faith is magnificent, though it be folly," and in it there is not a little that is even admirable. One soon discovers that these Africans are men as we are men, and do much of their thinking in common with us. Innumerable acts and practices of Christians in civilized lands to-day, customs of Christmas and Eastertide, use of amulets and charms, superstitions about ornaments, numbers, recurring days and seasons, devices of language, art, etc., idiosyncrasies of dress, action and the like, surviving in more or less nocuous desuetude, go back to heathen antecedents once as fully believed in, and as faithfully employed, as are their African congeners of the present time. This fetish element in modern white culture has not been unnoticed by the native African:

"You white people don't know anything about black man's 'fashions.' You say you trust God for everything, but in your own country you put up an iron rod over your houses to protect yourselves from death by lightning; and you trust in it, the while that you still believe in God; and you call it 'electricity' and civilization. And you say it's all right. I call this thing of mine, this charm, 'medicine'; and I hung it over my wife's bed to keep away death by the arts of those who hate her; and I trust in it while still believing in God. And you think me a heathen!"

Thus said, in substance, a partly educated Sierra Leone negro, whose wife, a well-educated Mpongwe, was rebuked by the Church authorities for permitting her husband to suspend a fetish in her room. The comment of the missionary, "I trusted to the lightning-rod under God, while he trusted to his fetish outside of God," is hardly satisfactory. The difficulties of heathen Christian argumentation are further revealed by the discussion (pages 131-132) as to the justice of putting a woman to death for "killing" by witchcraft. Elsewhere in the book are many instances of the clash of white and negro ideas on matters of all kinds, which the long and intimate experience of the author has enabled him to record.

While, as a gatherer of facts, Dr. Nassau has somewhat the true scientific instinct, his position in regard to the evolution of religion is of the old orthodox, conservative sort, and his treatment of the idea of God among the African natives is prejudiced by his opinion that "knowledge of God was thus an original, donated, component part of us. It grew under revelations made during the angelic communications before the Fall." Nevertheless, his book contains a large amount of interesting and valuable data, the result of his personal observations, and experiences. Besides an introductory discussion of the constitution of native African society (the family, named from its physical origin, is the unit), chapters on the idea of God, polytheism and idolatry, and the nature, classes and functions of spiritual beings, and two closing chapters on tales of fetish, based on fact, and fetish in folk-lore, the volume under review contains a detailed treatment of fetishism under the following heads: The philosophy of fetishism (a physical salvation; charms and amulets), fetishism as a worship (sacrifice, prayer, etc.), fetishism as witchcraft (white art, sorcery; black art, demonology), fetishism as a system of gov-

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ernment (based on fear), fetishism in relation to the family, to daily work and occupations and to the needs of life, fetishism and superstitious customs, fetishism in relation to the future life, practical effects of fetishism. Among these last Mr. Nassau enumerates: Depopulation (owing largely to the human sacrifice involved, the death-rate much exceeds the birth-rate); cannibalism, which originally had a sacrificial element; abundance of secret societies (male and female), whose possibilities for good are quite overbalanced by their actualities for evil; poisoning for revenge, and so-called "judicial executions" (really murders in many cases); development of utter lack of confidence between man and man, and consequent perversion of the natural affections; voodooism. Transplanted to American soil, African fetishism flourishes as "Vudu or Odoism," as the author styles it, with its extension among the ignorant white masses as "Hoodoo." Another survival of African life in America Mr. Nassau finds in the "Br'er Rabbit" tales of "Uncle Remus," but this is still doubtful, for the negroes borrowed much from the Indians on the Southern plantations. The debt of the Bantu peoples to the ancient Egyptians (p. 332) is probably exaggerated; also the significance of the Caucasoid features said to occur sometimes among them.

One may say of this book that the writer's facts are better than his theories; and the broader position he appears to be often almost ready to take a better index of his personality than the one his narrower theology forces him to assume. There are fetishes and fetishes.

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*Dutch Pottery and Porcelain.* By W. Pitcairn Knowles. London: George Newnes; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xv., 122.

Not long ago we noticed the first volume of the Newnes' Library of the Applied Arts, and we have now to record the appearance of the second volume. This set of inexpensive hand-books will prove very valuable, and will invite the notice of every student, if the volumes to come are as much needed as are the two we have received. Dutch pottery has been more freely discussed in English books than has French faïence, which last, indeed, seems to be practically unknown to English students, while the simpler Dutch wares, at least, were well known in England before the nineteenth century. But still a good and handy volume devoted to "Delft" in all its forms was lacking until the appearance of the one before us.

Our author explains in the preface his position as a collector and student; he acknowledges his indebtedness to the important work of Henri Havard, and tells how his own occupation of collecting ceramic wares of all sorts of Netherlandish make took him a little beyond Mr. Havard's scope. His own collection is scattered now, and he has had to lean upon his authorities more or less, and to draw his illustrations largely from the national museums of Great Britain.

Here is a case where inexpensive color-printing is more likely to be useful than in most departments of art study, and accordingly there is a three-tone plate of a tall covered jar painted in polychrome; another plate dealing with two pieces closely imitating Japanese painted porcelain; and many prints in blue that give a very fair notion of the plaques and vases in which full blue color is used for a pattern on a bluish-white ground. What is most interesting in the text, because the most unexpected, is the description of very elaborately painted tiles which the author does not try to date—tiles probably of the seventeenth century, and containing a wonderful deal of the spirit which we find in the Dutch landscape painting of that time. The author speaks of "the increase of the size of the tile to a large panel, sometimes exceeding a yard in length and breadth." This is a very unusual dimension, but all collections contain decorative plaques painted with landscapes and figure subjects, and ranging in length from fourteen to twenty inches. Two or three are given here in the blue prints. There is one with a view of Brussels and a winding road leading to the town, along which are passing a coach-and-four "of the period" and a party of huntsmen, while the gallows of the town, with corpses hanging from it, and several minor gibbets are grouped on a hillock around which the road turns. Another one shows *zee-visch marckt en vleeschal,* and the author thinks that the locality is Delft itself. Of a later period, 1768, as dated, is an elaborate figure painting, "Christ before Caiaphas," only eleven inches high, but containing eleven figures in the foreground group and others in the distance, together with an architectural interior, all of the same size as a kindred piece representing "The Flagellation."

Probably the most important chapter in the book is that devoted to the porcelain-making of The Hague, Arnheim, and Amsterdam. There is very little known of Dutch porcelain, and our author says plainly that what there was came of private enterprise alone, "without royal encouragement," though what there was of royalty in the Netherlands in the seventeenth century remains unexplained. The chapter, indeed, does not open the door very wide to explorers, for few are the pieces which have been identified as of real hard porcelain made in the Netherlands before 1800 A. D. These are in the South Kensington Museum, so far as known to the author, and no one of them is reproduced in his plates. Still, every pointer that may lead the student to a further knowledge of what European porcelain has existed in the past is to be welcomed.

The appendix contains a long series of names of potters and their dates, with facsimiles of the marks upon their ware, and the volume ends with an index occupying ten pages.

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*The National Administration of the United States of America.* By John A. Fairlie. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

The lack of a work dealing systematically with national administration in the United States has long been deplored, and toward the present volume, therefore, a critic is inclined to be well disposed—or as nearly so as is possible for one of his tribe. His verdict must be that Mr. Fairlie has grappled successfully with a large subject, and produced a treatise which will be of real service to the student of American politics. That the book has certain minor defects of design and execution is nothing more than should have been expected in a work that may be described legitimately as *bahnbrechend.*

Mr. Fairlie begins, naturally enough, with the powers of the President, the administrative sun around which, shining with their own or reflected light, revolve a multitude of greater or lesser luminaries whose orbits it is desired to compute. He traces very well the enormous growth of "the scope and value of the administrative powers of the President" since the establishment of the present Government under the Constitution. This has come about, as the author explains, largely through the exercise of the power of removing subordinates and through the promulgation of ordinances, or executive orders, governing administrative details which, of necessity, are left to the President and his subordinates. It would have been well if Mr. Fairlie had called attention to the enormous increase in the range of interests entrusted to Presidential edict since the adoption of a colonial policy, and had examined in the pure white light of the science of politics the remarkable pension order which attracted so much attention less than a year ago. One could wish, also, that the relation of administrative centralization to efficiency in the performance of public business could have received more than the mere remark that the power of removal was "advocated as a necessary means to enable the President efficiently to discharge his duty." In this, and in a number of other matters, our author would have profited greatly if he had in this chapter drawn more deeply upon the unfortunate experience of our country with divided executive authority in the days of the old Confederation.

Control of administrative affairs by Congress, and, in particular, by the Senate, is the next topic which receives attention. The important part which the Senate plays in foreign affairs and in dictating nominations to executive positions, Congressional control of the finances, and Congressional supervision or investigation of all branches of public business, receive due consideration, each in its proper place. But these subjects are treated in the barest outline, and many a chance is lost to illustrate or even to develop the argument by referring to recent events which would be fresh in the minds of readers.

Two excellent chapters follow, devoted to the Cabinet and to general features of our national administrative organization. The author then proceeds to consider in detail the structure and duties of each of the executive departments. Here he is obliged to deal with a mass of facts, many of them uninteresting to the average student, which both reader and reviewer are tempted frequently to skip. As the groundwork for a general treatise, Mr. Fairlie's chapters are probably adequate, and in the present state of the literature upon such subjects will be found highly useful to many seekers after particular bits of information. Here, too, something more is done to bring out the connection between centralization of executive authority and administrative efficiency. It should be said, also, that sins both of omission and commission are not more numerous than they are bound to be in a first venture of this kind. The author has done his work carefully, and his book may be accepted as a generally trustworthy guide.

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Less by way of criticism of Mr. Fairlie than as a suggestion for subsequent investigators, it may be said that the thing lacking in the present treatise, and to be supplied by future studies, is a careful examination of the way in which, within the framework prescribed by statute or executive ordinance, the actual work of our Government is carried on. Mr. Fairlie, for instance, has given us a better account than we have had so far of the organization of the Treasury Department; we now need more information as to the way in which this elaborate machinery actually works. Thus, he describes the present system of auditing accounts, and says that it "constitutes an effective administrative control over the disbursing officers of all the other departments." This may be true; but the operations have never been examined by a scientific observer, and recent scandals in one or more of the executive departments suggest that the system is not yet perfect. Upon this and many other topics we may the more reasonably expect light from other investigators now that Mr. Fairlie has charted the entire field and reminded us that, after all, we have a national administrative system even though the average citizen does not often come into direct contact with its agencies.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Æschylus's Prometheus. Edited by Joseph E. Harry. American Book Co.
Amsden, Dora. Impressions of Ukiyo-Ye. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.
Anderson, William Lincoln. American Phonography. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.20.
Animals that Have Met Me. The Nantucket Publishing Co.
Anson, W. S. W. Who Wrote That? Dutton. 50 cents.
Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum. Edited by Justus C. Castleman. Macmillan Co.
Asensi's Victoria. Edited by Edgar S. Ingraham. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Bacon, Gertrude. Balloons, Airships and Flying Machines. Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cents net.
Baldwin, James. The Fairy Reader. American Book Co.
Balzac, Honoré de. Une Ténébreuse Affaire. Henry Frowde.
Bate, Percy. English Table Glass. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Benoist-Hanappier, Louis. Le Drame Naturaliste en Allemagne. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Bercy, Paul, and Georges Castegnier. Simple Grammaire Française. William R. Jenkins. $1.
Brenholtz, Edwin Arnold. The Voice of Equality. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Brown and Martin. Miniature French-English Dictionary. Dutton. 50 cents.
Brown, Caroline. On the We-A Trail. Macmillan Co.
Bruduo, Ezra S. The Little Conscript. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Camden, John. The Hundredth Acre. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co. $1.50.
Carman, Albert R. The Ethics of Imperialism. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.
Chancellor, William Estabrook. History and Government of the United States. American Book Co.
Chesebrough, Robert A. Christmas Guests, and Other Poems. J. J. Little & Co.
Cipriani, Charlotte J. The Child Vivien. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Collignon, Maxime. Lysippe. Paris: Henri Laurens.
Coolidge, Asenath Carver. The Independence Day Horror at Killsbury. Watertown, N. Y.: Hungerford-Holbrook Co.
Crockett, S. R. May Margaret. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia. Translated by R. Campbell Thompson. Vol. II. London: Luzac & Co.
Dickens's David Copperfield and Oliver Twist. Retold by Annie D. Severance. American Book Co.
D'Ooge, Benjamin L. Latin Composition. Parts I., II., and III. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Dopp, Katharine Elizabeth. The Place of Industries in Elementary Education. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Eldridge, George Dyre. The Millbank Case. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Ely, Richard T. The Labor Movement in America. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton W. Mabie. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Gerard, Dorothea. Sawdust. Chicago: John C. Winston Co. $1.
Gerstäcker's Irrfahrten. Edited by F. B. Sturm. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 45 cents.
Hallett, William T. Pernicious Pork. Broadway Publishing Co.
Hall, Francis J. The Doctrine of God. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $1 net.
Hampson, W. Radium Explained. Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cents net.
Holyoake, George Jacob. Bygones Worth Remembering. Dutton. $5 net.
Ireland. Painted by Francis S. Walker. Described by Frank Mathew. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Jefferies, Richard. Bevis. Dutton. $1.50.
Jervey, Theodore D. The Elder Brother. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. Tor, a Street Boy of Jerusalem. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Lang, Andrew. John Knox and the Reformation. Longmans.
Latham, Edward. Who Said That? Dutton. 50 cents.
McCracken, W. D. The Fair Land Tyrol. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
McMurray, Lida B. Nature Study Lessons. Macmillan Co. 60 cents net.
Manœuvre Tactics. Adapted from the German by J. H. V. Crowe. Macmillan Co. $1.60.
Meili, F. International, Civil and Commercial Law. Translated by Arthur K. Kuhn. Macmillan & Co. $3 net.
Meyer, Conrad Ferdinand. Das Amulett. Edited by C. C. Glascock. American Book Co.
Mighels, Philip Verrill. The Ultimate Passion. Harpers. $1.50.
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